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The Shape of Things

THE VEHEMENCE WITH WHICH *PRAVDA* SET about Ernest Bevin for his alleged desire to repudiate the Anglo-Soviet treaty of 1942 led some observers to believe that the Kremlin itself was seeking an excuse to denounce that pact. However, Mr. Bevin, by protesting directly to Stalin against the flagrant misinterpretation of a statement obviously intended to squelch rumors of an Anglo-American alliance, has drawn a reply which suggests that the Russian government's real purpose is to secure a revision of the treaty. This is a perfectly understandable and reasonable objective, since the treaty, signed when the defeat of Hitler was still a very distant hope, has become outmoded in some respects. For instance, Article 3 declared that Britain and the Soviet Union would join with other "like-minded" nations in examining "proposals for common action" and that "pending the adoption of such proposals" they would cooperate to prevent a renewal of German aggression. Article 4 provided that this undertaking might be superseded if such proposals were adopted. It might, therefore, be possible to argue that with the organization of the United Nations the most vital clauses of the Anglo-Soviet treaty have lapsed. The British government, however, has never indicated that it considered the treaty a dead letter; on the contrary, it has several times expressed a desire to extend its life. Thus a revision of the pact so that it will provide, like the Franco-Soviet alliance, for mutual assistance within the framework of the United Nations should not prove difficult to negotiate. But if this is all the Russians want, one wonders why they use such indirect methods to attain it.

*

LÉON BLUM MAY HAVE BEEN A LEADER OF a caretaker government, but he was by no means a mere political janitor, as the rapid and on the whole satisfactory solution of the French Cabinet crisis has shown. Largely as the result of the veteran Socialist's boldness, M. Ramadier has been able to form a government that not only represents fairly well the state of French opinion but has some chance of holding together during the difficult period ahead. There are some anomalies, it is true, and they draw attention to the narrow limits within which the government must work. The Socialist Party's nine seats are the just reward of initiative, but in giving the weak Left Republican Rally equality with the powerful Communist Party and the M. R. P. the new French Premier has performed a brilliant but precarious feat of jugglery. So long as the issues are not critical, the Left Republicans may be counted upon to balance the two major parties within the Cabinet, but they do not represent a strong enough section of the nation to uphold a Socialist Premier in graver disputes. The facts suggest that France's first "real" post-war government is itself something of a caretaker regime, reflecting the desire to postpone sharp dispute about the future of French society. The principal economic ministries are held by the Socialists, which means that M. Blum's mild deflationary policies will be strengthened. The question which disturbs middle of the road Frenchmen is how soon the working class, now in revolutionary mood, will show that impatience with present living standards which is already causing anxiety in Britain. Socialization, which might satisfy the communist-controlled C. G. T., will probably advance slowly, since the M. R. P. suffers from heart trouble when this sort of exercise is taken and has been recently cautioned by the Vatican physician. It would seem that in economic matters the Ramadier government can only hope to stave off radical discord until the international scene is clearer.

*

THE MAKE-UP OF THE RAMADIER CABINET probably rules out a vigorous foreign policy. In demanding the Ministry of National Defense the Communists may have hoped to purge the army's active list of the reactionary officers who have found refuge within the occupation forces in Germany. More likely their intention was to challenge De Gaulle's public charge that they are unfit for such office. Whatever was the case, it was M. Bidault's nomination to Foreign Affairs which induced the party to compromise by accepting the chairmanship of the defense group of ministries. M. Bidault's vigorous dissent from British views on the Ruhr undoubtedly suggested to the Communists that he would support their opposition to the proposed Anglo-French treaty. Actually, the differences between the British and the M. R. P. may not prove irreducible. Yet for the time

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being it is logical to conclude that the French government will not listen to Mr. Attlee's renewed plea for the treaty. This is not to say that M. Ramadier will thereby involve himself in a serious internal crisis. As *The Nation* pointed out last week, closer economic ties between France and Britain would do much to better European conditions. But there is an element in French thought almost as important as the fear of Germany, which the American press has rather neglected. The French people are not eager to become embroiled in the ominous dispute between the Soviet Union and the United States. There have been signs of an improvement in relations between the world's two most powerful states. However, one or two swallows do not make a summer, so that until British foreign policy markedly differs from American a majority of non-Communist Frenchmen may decide that to take a rain check on the Anglo-French treaty will be to show good weather sense.

✶

THERE ARE SOME SERIOUS WEAKNESSES IN James Bryant Conant's suggestion that young men thirsty for education be assuaged with a federally financed, locally administered, two-year college program. But by and large it is a step, or at least a half-step, toward providing a broader base of educated citizens in this huge provincial nation. "One of the consequences of the present influx of veterans into our colleges and universities," said Harvard's president in his annual report last Friday, "will be a demand for the younger brothers and relatives to have similar opportunities." Dr. Conant notes that existing college facilities are already strained to the limit, both physically and financially. He proposes, therefore, as a way of meeting the demand, the two-year "college education." Facing up to the fact that "more and more thoughtful citizens are coming to recognize that in some way federal resources must be made available to assist certain states," Dr. Conant recommends passage of the Hill-Thomas-Taft bill, which would provide federal aid for public education "without federal control of education." Some of the funds thus made available, Dr. Conant believes, might well be drawn on to support the two-year colleges. The plan is a commendable one, though it still does not offer the poor equal educational opportunities with the well-to-do. A greater drawback might become apparent when the "local control" tacitly advocated by Dr. Conant was exercised, let us say, in Biloxi, Mississippi.

✶

FLOWERY ORATORY AND SHEEP ROASTED whole are the essential ingredients of a real Arab feast. When Thomas J. Watson, president of International Business Machines, entertained Emir Saud, heir to the throne and oil royalties of Saudi Arabia, at the Union Club, he couldn't provide the second, but he did very well with the first by calling in Dr. Ralph C. Hutchison,

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president of Lafayette College, as chief speaker. Dr. Hutchison, an ordained Presbyterian minister who once taught in a Persian missionary college, has evidently more than a nodding acquaintance with the uses of Eastern hyperbole. Addressing the guest of honor he said: "You have denied yourselves as a people many of the enticing allures of materialistic civilization rather than lose the overpowering consciousness of the presence of God in every hour of the day, in every walk of life. You have a great value for the world." Sensing that his audience might take this last remark too literally, the Doctor hastened to add that America's concern with Arabian oil is to insure that the Arabs will profit by it primarily and to keep it out of hands that might use it for aggressive purposes. We have often read how a good Arab host demonstrates the warmth of his hospitality by picking out the eye of the roast sheep and popping it into the mouth of the honored guest. Dr. Hutchison, it seems to us, managed to Americanize this custom nicely.

Crisis in Britain

BRITAIN'S economic crisis, the government's new White Paper shows, has a number of different facets. Despite the considerable measure of success attained by the export drive, the foreign-trade position remains heavily unbalanced, and it has not been possible to import urgently needed machinery and consumers' goods. The gap between production and spendable income continues to exert a strong inflationary pressure. The acute shortage of coal handicaps the export drive and the housing campaign, throws men out of work at a time when output is desperately needed, and intensifies the pervasive and discouraging "austerity" of living conditions.

To correct these conditions and overcome the crisis both more man-power and greater production per head are required. The possibilities of increased recruitment into industry, however, are limited. Reduction of Britain's foreign commitments, as Aylmer Vallance pointed out recently, would be of assistance, but the release of service men will hardly counter-balance the workers withdrawn from industry by the forthcoming raising of the school-leaving age. Sir Stafford Cripps has appealed to housewives, who helped out so nobly in the war, to return to the factories, but they have little incentive to respond while goods remain as scarce as they are. Another partial solution would be immigration, and there are signs that the reluctance of the trade unions to consent to this step is being overcome by the gravity of the situation. The ill wind sweeping Britain may therefore eventually blow some good to forlorn occupants of the D. P. camps.

Union opposition to the employment of foreign labor, as well as to other measures for raising output, has been conditioned by the fear of unemployment which for so long has been dominant in the minds of British workers. They do not find it easy to adjust their thinking to the perspectives of full employment or to abandon restrictive practices and opposition to labor-saving machinery. But whatever justification such defensive measures may have had in the past, they are totally inapplicable at a time when it is man-power, not employment, which needs to be stretched to the uttermost.

Since the whole philosophy of the British labor movement precludes resort to those coercive steps which the Soviet government has taken in similar circumstances, Prime Minister Attlee and his colleagues must find a solution in cooperation with the trade unions. In particular, they have sought agreement on a wage freeze. Apart from those industries which are seriously undermanned, they have proposed that wage increases should be granted only when they are definitely linked to increased output. The trade-union leaders have not given unqualified assent to this proposal, but they seem prepared to use their influence to discourage indiscriminate demands for higher wages. They know that until production is raised there can be no increase in real wages however much may be added to money wages. As the recent White Paper pointed out, expendable income in Britain is $28 million while the total of consumable goods and services available amounts to $24 billion; until a balance is established, larger incomes only mean more inflationary pressure.

It is not, however, easy to bring this point home to the individual worker, for whom the first criterion of well-being is the size of his pay envelope. And it is equally hard to persuade him to stay on the job and speed up his work even though bonuses are offered for increased output. For a combination of high taxes and shortage of goods reduces the attractions of such incentives. The only way left for the worker to improve his well-being is to exchange income for leisure, and this has multiplied absenteeism.

In order to overcome such obstacles to greater production, it will be necessary for the British government to

A Plan for Germany

During the coming weeks, with the Moscow Conference of Foreign Ministers called for March 10, the attention of the world will be focused on Germany. Fritz Sternberg, author of "The Coming Crisis," reviewed in this issue of *The Nation* by Robert S. Lynd, has prepared an analysis of the current economic situation in Germany, related it to the problem of Western Europe's rehabilitation, and outlined proposals which might be considered a Memorandum for Moscow. The article will appear in next week's *Nation*.

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enlist the enthusiasm of the workers so that they will fight the economic battle of Britain with the same spirited determination they showed when Hitler was the enemy. To do this, it seems to us, the grim facts set forth in the White Paper need to be dramatized in ways that will bring them home to the men in the pits and factories. Workers need to be shown just how their victory on the export front will lead directly to better meals in better houses. And they should be reminded of the eagerness with which reactionaries at home and abroad exploit every economic difficulty as a "failure of socialism." It may be obvious enough to unbiased observers that Britain's man-power crisis would be no less acute had a Tory government won power in 1945. But it is Labor which has responsibility for overcoming that crisis, and, unless it succeeds, the cause of democratic socialism both in Britain and throughout the world will suffer a disastrous reverse.

Braden or Messersmith?

BY ROBERT BENDINER

Washington, January 27

RESTING on Secretary of State Marshall's desk is the resignation of Spruille Braden, a document long and fondly dreamed of by Argentine President Juan Domingo Perón. The Assistant Secretary's offer to retire is not the routine courtesy normally extended to an incoming superior in the expectation that it will be rejected with a pretty tribute. It is a demand for a showdown by a blunt and harried man. What Marshall does with this piece of paper will fix the pattern of international relations in this hemisphere for a long time to come. It may also decide whether the low living standards of a peasant-populated continent will go up a few notches or sink to a new low under the weight of a billion-dollar arms program. And finally it will determine the immediate future, if that is important, of Ambassador George S. Messersmith, whose strange concept of diplomacy has led him to represent the Perón point of view in Washington rather more ardently than his own government's point of view in Buenos Aires.

The difference between Messersmith's position and Braden's is essentially the difference between the shadow and the substance. Messersmith, like Vandenberg and Sumner Welles—and like scores of South American politicians—makes a fetish of "hemispheric unity," and the hollower the reality becomes, the more vocal the protestations. The main thing is the façade. "If I promise to give you a dollar and fail to do so," Brazil's cynical Foreign Minister Joao Neves de Fontoura explained to an American reporter in defense of Perón, "that is a violation of an agreement, but it does not mean I constitute a danger to your security . . . it still was better to sign such agreements [referring to Chapultepec] because it helps to create an impression of Pan-American solidarity."

Braden sees no sense in this game of let's pretend. He insists that the Act of Chapultepec and the United Nations Charter bound Argentina to a course of action that would safeguard "the essential rights of man"; that the Argentines specifically agreed, moreover, to purge their country of Nazi influence; and that until they show convincing evidence of honoring past pledges it is foolish to exchange a new one with them—and downright fantastic to arm them on the strength of it. Far from displaying the required evidence, the Perón regime has brought Argentina close to being a corporative state. It has smashed the country's highest courts by wholesale impeachment, harried its press into craven subservience, and driven its finest teachers into exile. It has invited the quisling dregs of Europe to come in as settlers and paved the way for a one-party political system. It has threatened all the smaller countries around it with the direst economic consequences if they fail to enter the Argentine orbit, and it has been fostering throughout the Americas a campaign of virulent hate and distrust for the *yanqui*.

In the face of this record, the Welles-Vandenberg school of anti-Bradenites argues that by refusing to sit in on a conference that includes an unrepentant Argentina, we are presuming to dictate to the rest of the hemisphere. "This is a multilateral decision," says Senator Vandenberg, "which should always be made by all of us jointly, and not forced or dictated by us alone." And Welles, echoing the sentiment, writes that it "is surely not a question which should be determined by any unilateral decision of the United States."

This is a strange doctrine to come from the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Both Vandenberg and Welles know that a mutual-defense treaty, resting on arms distributed by the United States, is the chief item on the agenda of the proposed conference—in fact, its sole purpose. Nothing could be farther from their thoughts, moreover, than to have the conference called only to let it break up over the main order of business, a course that would rip open the façade of unity more violently than the failure to meet. What they urge, therefore, is in effect a double-barreled contention: that it is not for this country to determine for itself, and in advance, with what states it will enter into a mutual-defense agreement, and that such an agreement has

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nothing to do with trust or lack of trust between the signatories.

The view that Braden is pressing on Marshall is the reverse on both counts. First, he says, no defense treaty that includes Argentina is possible without a change in that country's political direction. After all, where is the "defense" in arming a regime that palpably despises you? And, second, even with a complete about-face in Buenos Aires, a hemispheric arms program is not what is called for. Only the Argentines really want arms. They find themselves for the first time a creditor nation, they have expansionist dreams, and they are ready to pay in hard cash. But a big military machine for Argentina calls for corresponding moves in the other countries of Latin America, which will certainly not care to be placed at a disadvantage to the most truculent power on the continent. It is certain, however, that a skinflint Congress is not going to distribute a billion dollars' worth of weapons gratis, and these countries can't pay for them without seriously depressing standards of living that are already among the lowest in the world.

A program of this sort can therefore serve only the interests of the military and authoritarian top layer in Latin America—and perhaps, by the popular reaction it produces, the Communists, whose growing strength, ironically, is one of the chief motivations in the Vandenberg - Messersmith approach. Yet even in top circles, outside Argentina, the prospect of a big arms program is cause for alarm. A leading diplomat told me that while President Truman's plan for standardizing the weapons of the continent was well received, there was fear in every Latin American republic that the end result might be an armed race that would intensify rivalries and drain the continent.

Caricature by Seligson

Spruille Braden

Braden's offer to resign confronts Marshall with three choices: he can dismiss Braden and keep Messersmith; fire both and start from scratch; or keep Braden and call for Messersmith's resignation.

Few believe that he will take the first course. In the past few weeks the dogged Braden has been gaining ground. Former Secretary Byrnes, who concerned himself very little with hemispheric policy during most of his tenure, talked with Braden for an hour and a half on December 6, and ever since he has backed him consistently against the maneuvers of Messersmith. Byrnes's opinion will unquestionably carry great weight with his successor. Under Secretary Acheson has always been an enthusiastic supporter of the Braden view, and Marshall, having coaxed him into staying on when he wanted earnestly to retire, is not likely to ignore his advice.

Finally, Marshall can hardly help being affected by the gross impropriety of Messersmith's anti-Braden campaign, which has created the sourest kind of impression throughout Washington. Messersmith appears to have lost all perspective. From Buenos Aires he has flooded Washington with bitter attacks on his superior. One publisher is reliably reported to have received a 30,000-word blast, and even Braden's subordinates have been included in the endless flow of bitter correspondence. He has come to speak of Perón as a "true democrat," established himself as an idol in the controlled Argentine press, and scandalously allowed the Argentine Foreign Minister, without challenge, to pit him against Byrnes in a public statement. So erratic has his behavior been that even his supporters are admittedly shocked. According to the Alsop brothers, Vandenberg, in spite of sharing the Ambassador's views, deliberately avoids meeting him.

The second choice open to Marshall, to let both protagonists go, is unfortunately all too probable as a makeshift solution. It is believed in some quarters that this course would ease the Secretary's relations with the Senate, where Braden has never been popular. A majority of the Foreign Relations Committee is probably against him, including the ranking minority member, Tom Connally, who bears him a grudge of long standing. But this choice would obviously solve nothing. Marshall would still have to decide between two conflicting policies.

To keep Braden at all, the Secretary will have to make the third choice and remove Messersmith, at least from Buenos Aires. On the basis of the Byrnes-Acheson opinion, and of President Truman's apparent inclinations, this hopeful course might well be taken if Braden's position revolved solely about the question of Perón. His objections to the arms program, however, may be too much for Marshall, who as Chief of Staff favored the hemispheric-defense treaty when it first came up for discussion. Circumstances have changed since then, however, and so, perhaps, has General Marshall. He saw clearly enough the evil effects of militarism in China, and had the integrity to denounce it. He may be statesman enough now to apply his findings to the Western Hemisphere. If he is, he will want to substitute for a dangerous and hollow military pact the kind of unity that Braden proposes—the unity that grows inevitably out of a commonly beneficial economic program and has never yet been known to grow out of the common use of identical rifle bores.

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Pay Day in Georgia

BY LILLIAN SMITH

Clayton, Georgia, January 25

GEORGIA signed a bargain years ago with ignorance and fear and the "poor white," and today we are paying off. Herman Talmadge and the Crackers have moved into our Capitol. Ellis Arnall, and with him the liberals, the intelligentsia, the church women, and most of the urban rich, has moved out. Tear bombs, hoodlums, hate, tobacco-spitting, bad grammar, and obscene race jokes are chumming cozily together now under the old Georgia dome.

You cannot spot a Cracker by his bank account or lack of it, for some of the old "poor whites" are now Georgia's "rich whites" and some of the old "rich whites" are poor once again. He is more surely found by his possession of one or all of these qualities—ignorance, hatred of Negroes, envy of the "gentleman," and restlessness. The Crackers are the whites of the state who feel inferior. I have sometimes wondered whether their hatred of Negroes is as strong as their envy of people who are at home with the social amenities. They talk about "the niggers," but they also talk about "those city snobs who think they know so much." There is a profound sense of social inferiority among these people. They feel bitterly neglected and unesteemed as human beings. The Marxists do not take into account sufficiently the myth of the gentleman in the South, a myth that has created among uneducated—not necessarily unschooled—and socially unaccepted whites as deep a sense of inferiority as has poverty.

Herman Talmadge has jeopardized law and order in Georgia by a coup d'état so violent, so brazen, that it has shocked the entire state. By his arrogant jeers at the courts he has forced the issue of constitutional government into the front of Georgia politics, where it rightly belongs. He has unintentionally made of this issue of legislature versus the people a platform on which liberals, church members, and even some of our biggest economic bourbons can stand and feel proud to be seen there. That was bad strategy for Herman; it was an earthquake for Georgia nerves; and it was a secret relief to the liberals, for now they can take a position openly for something good and decent. But it would be superficial to consider this issue as the basic one in Georgia today. There *is* a basic issue on which the people of Georgia are divided as they have not been for seventy-five years, but it has not been articulated by either of the two clashing groups. It is so deep-seated, it has become such a Frankenstein, that neither the liberals nor the Crackers want to confess to it. Yet it is the emotional force beneath the liberals' conviction of the need for change and for upholding constitutional government and the Crackers' desire for power, which are the two issues one hears talked about now along with the argument over who is governor.

The Cracker party is not for change. It wants to hold things just as they are, or were four years ago, because it believes that only in this way can it get back its power. It is being financed by the economic interests, rural and urban, that do not want change in Georgia, for other reasons. You would have found behind Gene Talmadge some of Georgia's biggest textile-mill owners, and bankers, and farmers, and soft-drink millionaires; you would have found men behind him who support Georgia Methodism and who with their fathers endowed our largest church schools—though Methodist women, not quite so wealthy, are for Arnall. Many of these same people are for Herman because they do not want change. They want to exploit the hatred of Negroes, the ignorance, and the social inferiority of rural people to their own ends. But some of these powerful interests have switched over, alarmed by Herman's disregard of law and order.

As for Thompson, in his eager desire to be governor he scampered so fast over to the white-primary side—saying in effect, "If you'll just let me be governor I'll be as black in my 'whiteness' as ever Herman could be"—that he left his liberal supporters swinging dizzily in mid-air. At the same time he did not convince rural people of his sincerity. I have heard their laughter.

Those who sincerely want orderly and lawful change, however they may differ as to tempo, are on Arnall's side, regardless of what Thompson does or does not do. All other issues are confused, except the as yet inarticulate deep conflict between the rural people and the social elect. Even race is confused as an issue, for few liberals on Arnall's side would oppose segregation. Economic conditions are also a confused issue, with the bourbons working both country and city, and labor undecided.

LILLIAN SMITH lives in a rural county which went for Eugene Talmadge last summer. Her brother has been county ordinary, a position that is equivalent to county administrator or manager, for eleven years. Miss Smith knows the courthouse crowd and county politics. She knows why the country people hold to the county-unit voting system as if it were their Magna Charta. While she is sympathetic, she sees this feeling as a growing menace to law and order and democracy in Georgia. She is the author of "Strange Fruit."

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One of the two weak spots in Arnall's program for change is that the program and its supporters are so cautious, so timorous in saying what they really believe, that they take the adventure out of the fight. Silence is a poor weapon to use against a powerful club like white supremacy. Their second and profound weakness is their condescension toward rural folk and their lack of interest in rural needs. This is their Achilles heel. They have lost the country regions, and Georgia is 65 per cent rural. No politician can afford to forget that. Although there have been important demonstrations of college students against him, the young, wanting excitement, have gone over in large numbers to Herman's side, who is as outspoken as his old father. The country people still cling with pathetic loyalty to the memory of "Gene," who despite his economic bourbonism and a college education still chewed tobacco, talked bad grammar, and could make his manners as gauche as any hill-billy's. They know he really liked them. He shared the same tastes with them.

Man does not live by bread alone anywhere—certainly not in Dixie. He lives by his feelings for himself and other people. Too long down here all of us were poor. Money could not be our symbol of excellence because none of us had it. We chose other symbols—the gentleman, and when one could not claim that, then a white skin would do. That in itself was enough down in Dixie to give one a coat of arms. But as time went on, the rural folks and their kin on the side streets and back streets of the towns realized that a white skin wasn't enough. The city gentleman somehow cornered most of the money and all of the esteem. The rural folks are starved for esteem. They feel as good as anybody, but nobody else seems to think so. Even when a Cracker gets rich, the city folks still don't seem to think he is as good as they are. It hurts. If the clubs in Atlanta shun him, and the society pages of the papers, all right—he will take over the Capitol and the Governor's Mansion. There he can feel at home; hobnob with royalty even if he himself made the crown on royalty's head out of corn shucks. Bad grammar and tobacco chewing are welcome there. They were not during Arnall's administration.

And now the city folks, in the countryman's mind, are trying to take away the one thing that has kept his self-esteem alive, his superiority to Negroes. And they would take it away without giving the Cracker equality with "the gentleman." You can't snatch the bone of white supremacy from a starving man until you give him some real food to eat, and this food can't be just money—not in Dixie; it has to be mixed up with human esteem and lots of it.

Last week Ellis Arnall spoke out for democracy more firmly than ever in his political career. He spoke eloquently for constitutional law and order. He thrilled many people by his words and by his wise acts. If he would go "all-out" for everyone's right to be human, to be well fed, well employed, healthy, secure, and esteemed, he could substitute these fundamental rights for the phony right to be "Cracker and white" that the rural folks now cling to. He could tap great sources of energy in the state, for these people have boundless energy that will be used either for good or evil. And he would win back in larger, far larger numbers the following he has lost in Georgia. We who are liberal take all the fun out of being "good" by being so scary. We have not yet learned the fundamental principle of politics: you have to give the people something to believe in with all their hearts, or something to hate with all their hearts; and plenty of bread. This week the liberals have worked as I have never seen them do before, because they have had something they could at last believe in. It may seem important to them for only a few days or months. We shall see.

Herman knows how to take risks. He knows also about bread and circuses. A little bread and a lot of circus may be his formula as it was Hitler's, for his talk of white supremacy is strong and unceasing, and Negro-baiting, like Jew-baiting in Germany, rates above Barnum and Bailey with lonely, bored, rejected people. But on the morning of January 21 Herman Talmadge gave a message to the legislature which, if it was full of the circus, was also full of promises for rural white people who need so many little things. Rural white people will remember it. They will remember that kind of talk far more vividly than talk against monopolies and freight rates, for though these things are important to the South, the rural people do not know it. They know simple concrete facts about sick children who need hospital care when there is no hospital in their county, and about old people who need money for cornmeal, and about country teachers who must have more money to live. These things, close at home, and urgent, Herman Talmadge has promised them. And because he talks their language, they believe him.

To many country folks in Georgia, Herman's dictatorial regime is a rural revolution. They are not sure what they are revolting against—maybe just city snobbery, maybe just boredom; maybe they are tired of having their corns stepped on. But they are revolting, and Herman is their little Führer. Such people, deprived of so much, can easily forget that constitutional government is a necessity in a democracy. They can easily be persuaded that law and order are luxuries for city folks. Herein lies the danger which Georgians now see for the first time; though few would acknowledge, even yet, their responsibility for it. And few would confess even in their own hearts that such fine talk about good government is as ashes in the mouth for two-thirds of our people, white and colored, who have never in their lives known the sweet taste of acceptance as human beings.

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Berlin and the Russian Zone

BY JOEL CARMICHAEL

Paris, December 15

IN THE Russian plan to make the Soviet zone of Germany at once a functioning element of the Soviet economic system and a political pole of attraction for the other zones—as discussed in my two previous articles—Berlin plays a special role. Owing to the presence of the other three powers it has come less under the quasi-monolithic influence of the Unity Party (S. E. D.) than other parts of the zone, and since that party's overwhelming defeat in the October elections it has been a rallying point for all the anti-Russian elements that remain submerged elsewhere.

Lately these elements have been receiving the support, tacit or open, of the other occupying powers, but in the beginning, while the S. E. D. was still in embryo, the Americans, for instance, not only gave no aid to the anti-fusionist Social Democrats but leaned over backward in their impartiality so as not to offend their military ally. This "correctness" has long since vanished. It is now a commonplace that the excessive number of Berlin newspapers is due to the eagerness of the rival powers to license "their own" papers. While I was in Berlin I often heard stories of inter-Allied bickerings which went something like this: "Why did your paper call us this and that?" "Well, yours called us such and such."

From the Russian point of view the trouble is that while Berlin is indispensable as a capital for the Russian zone, to say nothing of Germany as a whole, it has stubbornly resisted political coordination. Its recalcitrance is especially irritating because it cannot be isolated from the rest of the zone. It is a "window opening out to the West" in a sense that the Soviet authorities heartily dislike. At the same time it is the heart of eastern Germany; no other city could conceivably fill the same role. This inalienable position of primacy explains why the Russians accepted the challenge of the other parties and permitted the October elections, even though it was clear to dispassionate observers that the result would be a crushing defeat for the S. E. D.

The failure of the S. E. D. seems all the greater when one considers the tactical and material advantages enjoyed by the Russians. Not only had they obtained a death grip on the city administration through having been the first to march in, but ever since the quadripartite occupation was established they have controlled the radio stations, the university, and the municipal councils, besides the geographically largest sector. Moreover, a genuine and fairly widespread sentiment in favor of a fusion of the two working-class parties had long existed, and it seemed at one time as if they might spontaneously coalesce. I heard many well-authenticated reports of a strong uninspired movement for a single workers' party.

Knowledge of this mass sentiment explains the Russians' strange readiness to believe the assurances of their German advisers that the S. E. D. would win a sweeping victory. The post-election interviews of the party's leaders with their Soviet patrons must have been very depressing. Although the magnitude of the opposition vote was to some extent concealed by the way the returns were announced, province by province, there could be no denial of the fiasco. Industrial towns like Leipzig and Halle, which before Hitler had always turned in decisive majorities for the working-class parties, reversed themselves in favor of the right-wing Christian Democratic Union and Liberal Democratic Party. And this in spite of the superior resources at the disposal of the S. E. D.

In Berlin the three parties competing with the S. E. D. entered the struggle on a more equal footing with it than elsewhere. But there too they suffered from various kinds of discrimination. Any outsider could observe the striking difference in the amount of printed matter put out by the S. E. D. and its rivals. The opposition parties were allocated only a few meager scraps of paper, while the S. E. D. had enough for a superabundance of placards, posters, and broadsides. In addition, the Soviet authorities launched an energetic campaign of public philanthropy which struck most people as a brazen attempt at bribery. Coal, bread, and other needed supplies were distributed where they would do most good up to the very eve of the elections. Some of the attempts to influence people were amusing illustrations of bureaucratic ingenuity: women who for years had had no word from their husbands, presumably languishing in Siberian prisoner-of-war camps, suddenly received notes with the curt message: "Am well. Vote for the S. E. D."

The Kremlin of course realizes that if it is to control Germany it must either keep the country more or less permanently in subjection by means of an occupation army or set up a "friendly" government on the style of the Soviet Union's sister states, the so-called Slavic bloc. The second method undoubtedly seems preferable, and the election defeat must have occasioned a reexamination

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of its possibilities. The immediate reaction, however, was a hysterical outburst of plant removals and deportations of industrial workers. If it turns out that the Unity Party —or the Communists—cannot acquire a sufficiently broad base to take over the government in Germany, the occupation will no doubt linger on and on. But if the Unity Party—or the Communists—finally wins out, the Soviet forces will probably be withdrawn and a more or less coordinated German state will crown the Soviet system. I am convinced that if the Soviet Union could obtain Germany as a voluntary associate it would gladly relegate its Soviet "sisters" to the rubbish heap should the occasion demand. Since the Kremlin is evidently firmly resolved not to relinquish its grip on Germany, the question which alternative it will follow is a purely tactical one. In other words, it will pursue its goal as best it can.

The practical difficulties in the way of making Germany a willing partner are enormous, and they all arise, it seems to me, out of Russia's material impoverishment. Surely only a desperate situation at home can explain Soviet high-handedness about both food and industrial equipment. Just as the atrocities committed by the Red Army after its irruption into Germany are to be attributed to a total breakdown of discipline rather than to Kremlin policy, so the dismantling, requisitioning, and mass kidnappings must be due, if we grant the Russian intention of retaining a foothold in Germany, to a peremptory domestic need. The political consequences of the Soviet economic program in Germany have been so disastrous that the economic compulsion must have been overwhelming. Evidently the Russians are so badly off themselves that they can leave no margin of surplus for Germany. This brute fact alone would counteract the most adroit propaganda—and Soviet propaganda has been far from adroit.

It need hardly be pointed out that Germany's resuscitation can only be conceived of in terms of the world-wide rivalry of the great powers. That is why French stubbornness on all questions involving German unity or economic rehabilitation seems obsessive and outmoded; the French are evidently still thinking of yesterday's Europe, in which Germany was the decisive factor. Germany's present prostration is so great that the most elaborate plans for its reconstruction amount merely to plans for strengthening it for future use by a greater power. The solution of the German problem, in short, cannot be found in Germany but must be looked for in the field of international politics.

"Time Is Money"

BY A. G. MEZERIK

Detroit, January 20

THE United Automobile Workers' headquarters is a tidy, low brick structure above which rise on two sides the huge limestone General Motors buildings. For about three-quarters of the working day the U. A. W. building is literally darkened by the shadow of GM. But only literally; figuratively it is the high executives of GM who sit in gloom as they scan the portal-to-portal claims of the union and wonder if the old David and Goliath routine is to be played through again under the auspices of the United States Supreme Court.

While the size of the portal-to-portal claims has depressed the GM executives, it has also had a sobering effect on the leaders of the union. Walter Reuther, R. J. Thomas, and George Addes are men who earn modest salaries. Their union feels rich when it has a million dollars on hand. Now this Mt. Clemens Pottery case has forced them to think of sums which seem more comparable to the national debt than to anything in their personal experience. They are determined to be conservative in their demands. They say to their attorney, Maurice Sugar, "File only for the amount which is unquestionably owing to the workers; don't pad." But when statisticians dig out the figures for a big industry like GM, they are bound to be startling.

One hundred thousand workers are affected. The extra time is all overtime, for the men have already been paid for a forty-hour week. That makes the portal-pay rate time and a half. Take a man who gets $1 an hour straight time. He has spent fifteen minutes morning and evening in portal-to-portal walking. Half an hour at time and a half is 75 cents, and the law adds a 100 per cent penalty. That makes $1.50. For one hundred thousand men it makes $150,000 a day. Now multiply $150,000 by the number of days the men have worked—five days a week, fifty-two weeks a year, over a period of at least six years —and it is easy to see how the astronomical figures get into the suits. The total of the claims already filed by all unions is more than four billion dollars, and that in anybody's language is a large sum.

No wonder the executives of the motor industry and the gentlemen of the National Association of Manufacturers have been aroused to a new pitch of fury against

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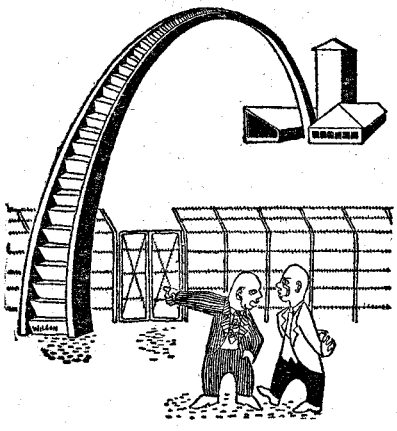
labor. This portal-to-portal business seems to follow an all too familiar pattern—and just as a change was in prospect: the Republicans had come to power, and the Supreme Court seemed to be behaving. There was reason to relax a bit, and the annual meeting of the N. A. M. was complacent, even generous in its faintly liberal pronouncements. Then, bang, the Mt. Clemens decision!



"Our New Way of Avoiding Suits"

To hear the old guard of the N. A. M. tell it, the Supreme Court has expropriated the factories of the nation and handed them to the workers. But revolution via the Supreme Court does not seem very plausible to most men. Labor leaders and their lawyers are aware that they have a bear by the tail —they know it by the violence of the press and radio reaction. The bear, however, is neither expropriation nor revolution but the definition of a work day in terms which unmistakably require the worker to be paid for the full time he gives and has given his employer.

Such a definition has been needed ever since the wages-and-hours law was passed. Labor has recognized the need right along and has urged Congress to make the definition. But management mistrusts labor and has opposed legislative action, preferring to leave the matter to the courts. In 1938 Elmer F. Andrews, the first administrator of the wages-and-hours law, proposed that the law be amended so that its administrator could make a definite ruling on portal-to-portal pay which would not be subject to alteration by court action. Again management objected, declaring in no uncertain terms that it was opposed to handing over any more power to New Deal agencies—the courts were good enough for them. In 1944 L. Metcalfe Walling, reporting to Congress in his capacity as wages-and-hours administrator, urged that he be permitted to issue binding regulations defining working time and to protect employers who complied with such regulations against civil or criminal liability. If in 1938 management felt it was a bad idea to hand more power to a New Dealer, it felt it was a much worse one in 1944, with the outlook for a return to Republican rule growing brighter day by day. It still preferred the courts, definitely.

But the situation has changed. Industry is now calling for legislation, and Representative Clare E. Hoffman of Michigan has a bill ready. This would amend the Fair Labor Standards Act to wipe out claims based on the portal-to-portal principle. It is a sort of Alice in Wonderland bill, disposing of all troubles with a casual "off with their heads," completely ignoring the little matter of money owed by violators of an existing law, and incidentally smacking down the Supreme Court's jurisdiction. Management applauds Representative Hoffman's law and is ably seconded by the New York *Times*, which says ingenuously, "Representative Hoffman's proposal would appear to be the most forthright legislative approach to the problem." Forthright seems the right word, but the use of the phrase "approach to the problem" can be questioned. Representative Hoffman wants to use a legislative bulldozer not to approach but to eliminate the problem.

In the Mt. Clemens Pottery case the Supreme Court held that "the time necessarily spent by employees in walking to work on the employer's premises, following the punching of the time clock, was working time." This decision, according to Maurice Sugar, general counsel of the U. A. W., affects and perhaps invalidates almost every existing contract between management and labor. At the same time it immeasurably widens the area of collective bargaining. At future discussions around a bargaining table there will be argument about whether or not basic hourly rates have taken into account "preparatory time." When they have, portal-to-portal will not be a big issue. When they haven't, the concept of the work-week is in for some thorough overhauling. The new concept will be that the time a worker gives his employer is to be considered in one piece and not separated into compartments by an employer's arbitrary decision. Eventually management will see that it is profitable—in dollars—to provide facilities for washing up and for changing into and out of necessary work clothes, to have convenient exits and entrances, and to give workers a good many other things which will make life more pleasant for them. And after a few years the extra cost of portal-to-portal pay, spread over the entire wage bill, will be a small matter, as is now the cost of social security, which in its day, according to the N. A. M., promised revolution and bankruptcy.

As to Congress, it will probably move quickly to rescue employers from the frying pan into which the Supreme Court dropped them. It would be a very good idea if Congress did finally legislate those definitions of a work-week which were so persistently requested by the wages-and-hours administrators and by labor. But it would be a very bad idea to put the whole economy into the fire by such legislation as Representative Hoffman now proposes.

Meanwhile the N. A. M. has intervened in the court case which will decide the amount due the workers in the Mt. Clemens pottery, and made a modest request. Let the court declare a new principle, it says; let it rule that all portal-money claims start from June 10, 1946, the date of the Supreme Court decision. Let the court declare all obligations incurred earlier uncollectible. This from

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a group which boasts that industry meets its contractual and legal obligations!

On labor's side there is a good deal of confusion. Individual workers are dazed by the huge sums for which claims are being filed. Not having expected money for preparatory time, many workers have been receptive to newspaper criticism of union leaders who have filed suits. But the amounts awarded to the workers will be decided by the courts, not by the unions, and if the sum is large, the unions, I am certain, will help the companies find a way to pay. In fact, if the law can be changed so that the suits can be settled by a compromise, a method not now legal, the unions will be the first to applaud. The last thing they want is to put employers out of business.

Labor leaders have reacted in a variety of ways. District 50 of the United Mine Workers, an affiliate of the American Federation of Labor which does not subscribe to William Green's denunciation of portal-to-portal suits, would trade a demand for a wage increase for a settlement of the workers' portal claims. The more democratic unions of the C. I. O. will have no part in giving up a necessary wage increase in return for money to which the workers, according to the Supreme Court, are already entitled. Nor will they call off the suits if a wage increase is granted. This attitude will surprise many commentators, who view the portal-to-portal issue as primarily a bargaining advantage to be used, as Mrs. Elinore Herrick put it, "to sweeten pay envelopes."

The U. A. W. leaders are emphatic that the union's demands for wage increases must be kept separate from portal-to-portal claims. In the future, portal-to-portal pay, they agree, will have a place in bargaining about conditions of work, but claims based on past violations of the law have no part in present wage discussions. However, they are realistic; they know that they cannot expect both increased wages and portal-to-portal back pay unless the employers have the ability to pay the total sum, and they are prepared, I believe, to go a long way in working out reasonable adjustments. There is little reason for hysteria here, though on some sectors of the labor front real dangers exist. A good many shyster lawyers of the ambulance-chasing type have sniffed the pot of gold in portal-to-portal suits and are busy persuading local union leaders, on a fifty-fifty basis, to file huge claims, with or without merit, against local employers.

Portal-to-portal pay undoubtedly increases the complexity of labor-management relations. But when the smoke of the struggle has cleared away, labor and management may find that the enlarged area for bargaining makes all other disputes easier to negotiate. Society, which is forever seeking ways to stabilize industrial relations, may discover that it has passed through a portal leading to a happier land. Our friends of the N. A. M. should not complain; haven't they filled the copy books with the slogan "Time is money"?

After UNRRA, What?

By THOMAS J. HAMILTON

THE reports that UNRRA's European operations would come to a dead stop on December 31 were fortunately a trifle premature. The organization is of course rapidly disintegrating, but shipments of food and other supplies to Europe are continuing. As was already known, they will continue to China until March 31 at least. The end has been delayed not by new funds but simply by the fact that UNRRA, owing to various difficulties, has not been able to spend its money as fast as it expected. From the standpoint of international cooperation, the continuance of UNRRA, even on half rations, is welcome because it puts off for a time the application of the brusque 1947 policy that the war's victims hereafter are on their own.

But the last bushel of wheat and bale of cotton will have been delivered within a few short months. What will be done then? Thanks to the position adopted by the United States at the recent meeting of the General Assembly, virtually nothing by the United Nations. That body has set up a committee of experts which on January 6 solemnly began considering whether the average diet of the various countries needing help should be 2,200 calories, 2,600, or the same amount as in 1946. Of course unless these countries' governments are approved by Washington, they must look out for themselves.

The United States, in association with Great Britain and Canada, decided last summer that "the gravy train" —the phrase was Under Secretary of State Clayton's— had gone around for the last time, and that the three governments would furnish nothing more to UNRRA. No serious effort was made then or later to determine what the actual demand would be. It was assumed that the worst of the need was over, and that if it turned out otherwise, the countries feeling the pinch could always ask Washington or London for a credit. So, of course, they can, but it is easy to imagine what chance of being

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granted, a request for a loan, say, from Tito would have.

Fortunately, it appears that only Poland, Austria, and Italy will be in dire straits before next year's harvests, and probably the last two can get help from the democracies. Considering the existing feeling between the United States and the Soviet Union, it was hardly to be expected that Poland or Czechoslovakia, still less Yugoslavia, the Ukraine, or White Russia, would get anything from Washington. According to the best information available, the two Soviet republics will need help, but perhaps Moscow will come to their rescue.

The situation of the refugees and displaced persons, for whose care UNRRA has funds until June 30, will be critical. Though the United States was sternly opposed to international action for relief, it fought determinedly in the General Assembly for international action on refugees and displaced persons. As a result the General Assembly approved the formation of the International Refugee Organization, which is to take over UNRRA's charges. But the prospects for the actual establishment of the I. R. O. are extremely dubious.

This is because a substantial number of the countries that voted to set it up are far from enthusiastic about paying for it. Among these must be reckoned Great Britain, which from the inception of the U. N. has championed the cause of the refugees but has not yet found it possible to sign the I. R. O.'s constitution. Consequently, although the required eight signers have been found—among them are the United States and Canada—Secretary General Lie hesitated a considerable time before calling a conference for February 11 in Geneva to set up an interim organization. This body can be formed whether or not financial support is forthcoming from the eight signers, but the I. R. O. itself cannot be established until fifteen countries have not merely signed but ratified the I. R. O. constitution—that is, voted to pay their share, which would amount to 75 per cent of the bill. Understandably enough, Mr. Lie has been reluctant to commit the U. N. to the support of what may turn out to be a lost cause. The Assembly resolution does not even provide postage stamps for the interim organization, and all funds for its operation will have to be advanced by the U. N. itself.

In addition to the United States, which is scheduled to pay 45.75 per cent of the operational budget of $150,000,000, and Canada, which will pay 3.5 per cent, the signers thus far are France, 4.1 per cent; the Dominican Republic, .04 per cent; Guatemala, .04 per cent; Honduras, .02 per cent; Liberia, .02 per cent; the Philippines, .24 per cent. Their quotas add up to practically 54 per cent, which is not too disappointing. Unfortunately, there is not the slightest indication that, aside from the United States, Canada, and France, any of these will actually pay. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, in her final appeal for approval of the I. R. O. constitution, gave the specific assurance that a vote in its favor, or even signing it afterward, did not constitute an undertaking to put up any money.

The action of Belgium and the Netherlands, scheduled to provide 1 per cent and .9 per cent respectively, will apparently depend upon what Great Britain does. Since it is unthinkable that the British Labor government would withhold its support, these countries will presumably come around in the end. But even though the British sign, it will be hard to get the requisite fifteen nations to do so, and it is almost impossible to see where more than 73 per cent of the budget will come from.

The care of people made homeless by the war or fascist persecution would seem to be an obvious United Nations responsibility. If it is not discharged, the U. N. will lose much of its influence. Of the 1,000,000 who now need aid, from 200,000 to 220,000 are Jews. The rest are chiefly Balts, Poles, Yugoslavs, Ukrainians, and White Russians, who refuse to go back to the Soviet Union, Poland, and Yugoslavia because they dislike or fear the Communist or Communist-controlled governments there. The idea prevailing among even well-informed persons that refugees and displaced persons are largely Jews and leftists has persisted in spite of the Soviet bloc's determined opposition to any international help for "traitors," who, they say, should be compelled to return to their homes. Although the right of refuge must of course be protected, there seems to be no reason why an apolitical peasant should not go back to the country he came from. And there is in fact a small trickle eastward of D. P.'s willing to try their luck behind the "iron curtain."

In comparison with this trickle, however, a flood of refugees, mainly Jews, continues to pour into the British and particularly the American zone of occupation. By the time UNRRA's camps are closed next summer, the total number will probably exceed the present 1,000,000. The question what is going to happen to them seems unanswerable. Migration to Palestine is out of the question for the rest of the year; not more than 20,000 or 25,000 can expect to settle in Latin America; unless Congress acts on President Truman's vague request for liberalization of the immigration laws, the United States will receive relatively few of them. Apparently they are in Germany and Austria and Italy to stay. It is unthinkable that they should remain indefinitely in

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camps; yet their dispersal over the enemy countries, with the American, the British, or the French army as their sole protector, would hardly be practicable. Unless the I. R. O. can be set up in time as a going concern, the occupation armies will have to take over, and it appears that the American army is already planning to do so.

The worst of army rule is that it would prevent the formulation of a long-range plan for the solution or even the amelioration of the refugee problem. If the D. P.'s refuse to go home, and other countries refuse to take them in, they must stay where they are. But under what conditions can they be assimilated into the German, Austrian, or Italian economy? How can they be encouraged to develop a sane and relatively hopeful attitude? It is obvious that only the I. R. O. can give the answer, not the Pentagon or the Horse Guards.

India's New Destiny

BY SHIVA RAO

New Delhi, January 22

THE adjourned session of the Constituent Assembly was resumed yesterday after an interval of four weeks. The hope that the Moslem League would decide during this interval to enter the Assembly did not materialize. It is clear that many Moslems, particularly those from provinces where they form the minority population, find Jinnah's demand for Pakistan with an exchange of populations impracticable. They have begun to realize that however effective such a slogan might have been as a rallying cry for Moslems throughout India, as a solution for the Hindu-Moslem problem it won't work. Leading members of the Moslem party are big landlords who cannot migrate to neighboring provinces without sacrificing their properties and influence. Nor is that the only consideration. A week ago I met in southern India two educated Moslems who are accomplished scholars in Tamil, the chief language of the Hindus of South Madras, but completely ignorant of Hindustani. Such people—and they form a large part of the population—would regard the transfer to northern India as fantastic.

So far as the Congress is concerned, it has accepted after a sharp debate the Labor Cabinet's statement of December 6 interpreting certain disputed passages in the original document in favor of Jinnah. But left-wing elements in the Congress were extremely critical of the policy of appeasement of the Moslem League represented by this gesture. They asserted that Jinnah had allied himself unreservedly with Churchill and the British Tories in order to delay India's independence. Voting on the resolution was significant: 99 supported it and 252 opposed it, the rest preferring to remain neutral. Nehru and his colleagues seemed uneasily conscious of the strength of the opposition. They argued that while a renewal of the struggle with Britain might later become inevitable, it was desirable to choose the proper issue and favorable circumstances.

Jinnah has delayed summoning the central executive of the Moslem League in the hope of overcoming internal opposition. The call, however, cannot be postponed indefinitely. If the league should again indorse the resolution to boycott the Constituent Assembly, Nehru is bound to raise the awkward question of whether the league's nominees can continue as members of the interim government. Lord Wavell, the Viceroy, has steadily supported the league whether inside or outside the government, but even he may be compelled by the Labor Cabinet to point out to Jinnah that membership in the interim government has always been conditional on entering the Constituent Assembly. Nor can the Moslem League decide in favor of participation without accepting the Cabinet's declarations, which—as Congress ceaselessly maintains—imply repudiation of Pakistan.

At this stage, therefore, it is difficult to forecast what policy the Moslem League council will recommend to its followers. The odds are in favor of their entering the Constituent Assembly when it meets again in April. The Congress Party will go through the business of this session during the next few days and then disperse: it will adopt Nehru's resolution and appoint an advisory committee on fundamental and minority rights, leaving places for nominees of the Moslem League should they decide later to take them.

Rajendra Prasad, president of the Constituent Assembly, made an important statement yesterday in answer to Churchill's mischievous suggestion that the Assembly, in the absence of the league, was only a caste Hindu organization. Analyzing the figures, he said that of 296 elected members, 210 were present—that is, 155 Hindus out of a total of 160, 30 caste representatives out of 33, 6 Christians out of 7, all 5 backward tribesmen, all 5 Anglo-Indians, all 5 Sikhs, all 3 Parsees, and 4 Moslems out of 80. With the exception of the Moslem League, whose absence he "deeply regretted," the Assembly, he said, represented every section of the people.

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Despite this refutation the Tories will continue to claim that the Assembly is not adequately representative and therefore its decisions cannot merit the British Cabinet's serious attention. This is also the line of argument which a number of the princes are likely to adopt: some because, being Moslems, they would prefer to await Jinnah's decision; others because they find the radical nature of the demands for a responsible government made by Congress leaders like Nehru embarrassing.

All the princes, however, do not think alike. Ten years ago Churchill, then only a leader of a diehard group of Tories, led a vehement opposition to the policy of Baldwin's Cabinet on India. Through private negotiations with the princes he successfully delayed the inauguration of the federation until the beginning of the war, when Linlithgow, then Viceroy, suspended it indefinitely. The question many princes are now asking is whether Churchill is likely to come to power again as leader of a Tory government in Great Britain. Meanwhile, can they expect assistance from Nehru's government to suppress any popular uprisings within their territories? Their treaty rights provided that the Viceroy must furnish assistance. But the defense forces are now under the control of Nehru's government.

The Moslem League and the princes will have decided by the middle of February whether they are joining the Constituent Assembly or not. The decision of the princes will not be unanimous, since a number of them would rather deal directly with the Constituent Assembly than accept the directive of a negotiating committee.

Factors outside the Constituent Assembly will also exercise considerable influence on its future course. One is how soon British officials, both civil and defense, will quit India. The Indian Civil Service now consists of about 1,000 men, half of whom are British—some of them young but many nearing retirement. The Indian Police Service contains some 600 men, 60 per cent of whom are British. The British officials demand compensation for retirement in addition to their pensions, arguing that constitutional changes force them to leave India. The British government has scaled down their compensation demands, making £8,000 the maximum, but has otherwise supported their case. The Congress leaders view the problem from a different standpoint. They cite the example of South Africa and Eire, which have retained the officials who served under previous regimes, and express their willingness to do likewise.

The problem is not primarily financial. Nehru recently complained in a public speech that there was a definite understanding between the British officials and the Moslem League. In the past an aggrieved officer could seek the protection of the Secretary of State and thus enjoy a considerable measure of immunity from disciplinary action. With the disappearance of that privilege, officers can expect just treatment from the Indian national government—but not the freedom to indulge in intrigue. How many will ultimately choose to continue in service under the altered conditions must be decided by the end of March. They can stay if they are willing to drop the protection of the British Secretary of State in London.

A committee composed entirely of Indians except for one British military officer has just been appointed to draw up a program for complete nationalization of all defense forces. Progress must necessarily vary with the different services—army, navy, and air force. At higher levels it will inevitably be slow since hardly any Indian has advanced beyond the rank of brigadier.

One thing, however, seems certain. By April, when the Constituent Assembly will hold its next session, the process of eliminating British personnel from India's administration will have definitely begun. Those who continue to serve will do so by accepting the authority of Nehru's government as final. The significance of this change will be great.

As Mrs. Pandit, the distinguished leader of the Indian delegation to the United Nations, told the Constituent Assembly yesterday, "India is rapidly becoming conscious of a new destiny which is awaiting her as a champion of the cause of freedom for all dependent people of Asia." It was a striking speech. India, she said, had a dual task. The first was to throw off all traces of imperial domination and thus lead the way for Burma, Indo-China, and Indonesia. The second was the establishment of a social democracy. The fulfilment of these objectives, she said, would be a powerful contribution to world peace.

The negotiations now going on in London concerning Burma's political status are being eagerly followed by India. The close relationship between the two countries was emphasized by the recent visit to New Delhi of General U Aung San, leader of the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League of Burma. The youthful general—he is only thirty-three—gives one the impression of a man molded by the hard realities of the war years. "What do you want for Burma?" I asked him. "Dominion status won't do. We must have independence," he replied without hesitation, adding after a moment's pause, "and complete freedom during the interim period." He was particularly critical of the limitations regarding defense and foreign policy, for both of which he is nominally councilor to the governor. The troops in Burma are not even under the control of the governor, and foreign affairs are directed from London. "The British have divided us," he said without a trace of bitterness, "but those tactics won't succeed." He was confident of popular support in the struggle to achieve independence in the event the London negotiations proved a failure. And he added with a laugh, "The Burmese people haven't any inhibitions about violence."

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U Aung San looks forward to closer association with India—but on a basis of independence for both countries. He made it abundantly plain that Burma can never become part of an Indian federation. The first step after Burma's independence, he thought, would be to form a Southeast Asian federation. Later it might be possible to visualize a confederation of all Asia, in which China, India, and Southeast Asia would be three distinct units. As head of the newly established Burma Council of World Affairs U Aung San hopes to attend the coming Inter-Asian Relations Conference in New Delhi sponsored by Nehru and scheduled to meet the last week in March. Indo-China, Indonesia, the Philippine Islands, China, Ceylon, Afghanistan, and Syria are other countries which have so far responded to the invitation.

Nehru has just answered Dulles's charge that India seems to accept Soviet guidance. He has described the policy of his government as one of cultivating friendly and cooperative relations with all countries, notably the United States, while avoiding alignments with any particular power or group. The primary and immediate concern of India, Burma, and Southeast Asia is to eliminate imperialist domination. During the coming months the question will be settled in India as to whether this purpose can be achieved with the cooperation of Britain and other European powers or whether aggressive methods must be used.

The Cushing Health Plan

BY MARTIN GUMPERT

DR. HARVEY CUSHING was one of America's most eminent physicians. He was a gifted writer, an erudite historian, a philosopher of medicine. Probably he is best known as the man who by lifelong, systematic, tenacious labor learned how to wrest from the grip of death persons afflicted with brain tumors. Cushing's biography, written by his pupil and friend, John F. Fulton, has just been published.* It should be read not only by every student of medicine but by everyone who needs reassurance about the existence of human dignity in our time.

The book contains a letter which Dr. Cushing sent to President Roosevelt more than twelve years ago, on November 10, 1934. This letter is still timely and in view of certain proposals made recently in Washington is worth quoting.

> *Dear Mr. President:* May I venture to hand on to you a suggestion for what it may be worth? . . . Would it not be a good move just at this time to take into consideration the establishment, if not of a government department, at least of a super-bureau of public health to coordinate a number of welfare agencies?
>
> Such a department would naturally include such scattered interests as infant welfare and the Children's Bureau, old-age insurance, possibly the matter of the veterans' hospitals and health compensation, vital statistics, the administration of the Food and Drug Act, and the existent Public Health and Marine Hospital services.
>
> I know that such a fusion would be difficult owing partly to inter-departmental jealousies. . . . But I am sure that opposition could be overcome, and it certainly would mean a great saving of energy, prevent much duplication of work, and lead to a proper concentration of authority on subjects that have to do with public health. This is not infrequently an interstate matter, as, for example, when Chicago dumped its sewage into the upper waters of the Mississippi River.
>
> There will be difficulties about such a concentration, but you are accustomed to overcoming difficulties. . . . When the "Committee of One Hundred" some years ago broached such a proposal to Theodore Roosevelt, he admitted the importance of the project but said the time was not ripe for it. The time may be ripe for it now—or you may be able to ripen it, which amounts to the same thing. One difficulty is the proper man to head such a department . . . but the opportunity usually brings the necessary man to the surface.
>
> There is an old adage of the operating room that suggestions spoil good surgery—that is, that the assistant is not supposed to draw a red herring across the operator's path while he is at work. Nevertheless, I hand this suggestion on to you for what it is worth. . . .
>
> [*Signed*] HARVEY CUSHING

Strangely enough, the advent of a Republican regime seems to have brightened the chances of realizing Cushing's idea. President Truman in his message to the Eightieth Congress recommended the establishment of a single Department of Welfare to administer federal programs concerned with health, education, and welfare. Senator Robert A. Taft, now in power, should be able to have enacted the bill which he prepared during the last Congress in collaboration with Senator J. William Fulbright. This bill would establish a Department of Health,

* Charles C. Thomas, Springfield, Illinois.

DR. GUMPERT, a New York physician, contributes a monthly page to The Nation *on new developments in medicine and related fields.*

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Education, and Security which would comprise the Federal Security Administration, the Social Security Board, the Children's Bureau, the Public Health Service, the Office of Education, the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation, and the Food and Drug Administration. Though many persons think Senator Taft's national-health bill an entirely inadequate substitute for the controversial Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill, the nomination of a Secretary of Health would be a tremendous step forward—provided, of course, that the man chosen was not a bureaucrat or politician but a physician of outstanding scientific and executive ability.

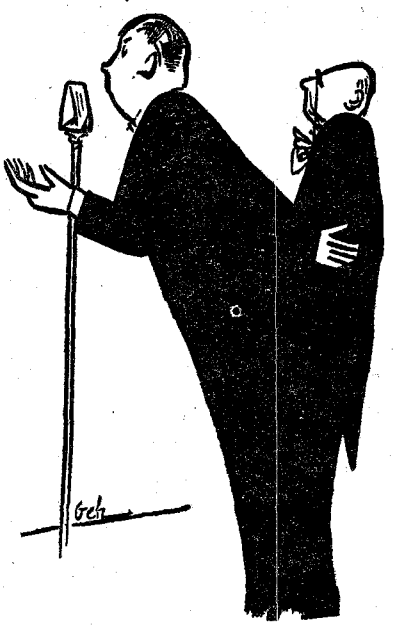
The health of peoples will be a decisive factor in the future of this small and overcrowded world. World sanitation seems indeed more promising, and perhaps more constructive, than world diplomacy today. The United States could easily assume the leadership of the crusade for health and welfare if its great research and public-health facilities were united and fully utilized.

The time is ripe for a federal Health Department as envisioned by Harvey Cushing.

IN ONE EAR

BY LOU FRANKEL

LAST month the frequency-modulation operators had a banquet and back-patting session at the Hotel Statler in Washington. More than 100 FM operators plunked down $100 in yearly dues and another 200 FM stations are expected to enrol soon to finance the Frequency Modulation Association. The chairman of the Federal Communications Commission spoke, a number of FM men spoke, and an executive director was hired. The calculated effect was to promote FM, and that will be done.



One topic not on the agenda was the wishes of the FM audience. Neither the set manufacturers, the radio retailers, nor the FM broadcasters, with few exceptions, seem to be worrying about the listener. But if FM is to prosper, something will have to be done, and soon, about the quality of the FM sets being sold and of the FM stations being erected. The one thing most people want from FM is static-free reception and superfine tonal quality. Pre-war stations and sets provided this; present-day sets and stations, again with a few exceptions, do not.

Every FM set I've seen for sale has been a combination of FM and a regular radio. These sets receive FM but reproduce it on the AM speaker, which means that FM's sound range of 15,000 cycles is heard over a speaker with a sound range of only 5,000 cycles. To give full FM tonal quality separate sound systems are needed, but such sets will cost around $400 when they come off the production line.

Full-range FM sets—15,000 cycles—cost about $600. And even the listener who can afford these prices does not get the best FM quality unless the set can tune a pre-war FM station. For unless a station uses all the power required for its particular transmitter, the FM signal received by the listener will not be static free. And too many of the post-war FM stations are rushing on to the air with patchwork equipment, makeshift antennae, and partial power. Listeners ten miles away often cannot get these stations, and those near by pick up static. The reason is that while FM is unaffected by vacuum cleaners, electric razors, and dial phones, it comes within the range of such an infinitely widespread and vexing static as the buzz made by the spark plugs of an automobile.

Numerous tricks are being worked on the listeners. Suburban residents, supposedly within range of an FM station in a metropolitan center, buy AM-FM radios or even the high-priced FM sets, and then, when they don't work, learn they need a special $25 FM antenna. Or they buy an FM set which works perfectly in the shop in the city but not so well at home. Then they discover that the retailer is either not equipped to service the set or can't afford to send a man out to where they live. Some retailers are selling AM radios with room for FM equipment, although they do not know when the attachment will be available or what it will cost. I've seen $400 radios sold on this basis.

As a result of all this a good deal of listener dislike for FM is being built up. Already radio retailers in some communities are finding themselves overstocked with AM-FM receivers. Retailers in other communities, where there are no FM stations, buy up these sets and sell them to FM-hungry listeners. The situation is not the fault of anybody in particular. The station manager wants to get on the air as soon as he can to start building an audience. The retailer, in most cases, is just a salesman with little knowledge of the set he sells. And the manufacturer is making sets as cheaply as he can to meet his competition; the manufacturer's engineers know the score, but the sales manager, not the technician, is responsible for sales volume.

To protect themselves and their listeners FM broadcasters need standards. The manufacturers have AM sets and transmitters and electrical appliances to make and sell; they are not worrying about FM. Nor are the retailers. Only the FM broadcaster with his sizable investment has all his eggs in one basket. It is up to him to cure listener-irritation while it is still limited.

You are bound to enjoy an FM set. But before you buy one, be certain that you can get an FM station using its full facilities, that the set will give you FM's full 15,000-cycle sound range, that an FM service man can be sent for when needed, and that you have an FM antenna.

And remember, until the FM stations and the musicians come to terms, you'll hear none of the popular AM programs that use live music on your FM set

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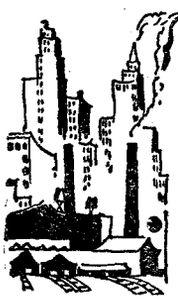

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Storm in a Cocoa Cup

UP TO October 1, 1946, the wholesale ceiling price of cocoa beans had been held firmly at 9 cents a pound. It was then raised to 14½ cents, close to the price Brazilian growers were receiving in the world market. A little more than three weeks later OPA was flung to the Republican wolves, and members of the New York Cocoa Exchange rejoiced at their escape from controls. In the first free-market deals cocoa changed hands at 14.95 cents, and traders predicted that prices would only advance moderately. Their judgment proved poor, to put it mildly, for since then spot quotations have rocketed and the current price of around 25 cents may easily be pushed higher, especially if candy-makers are allotted more sugar.

People in the trade disclaim any responsibility for this sad state of affairs. It is all the fault, they say, of the West African Produce Control Board set up by a socialistic British government to buy and market the cocoa crop in Nigeria and the Gold Coast—about half the world supply. In a cabled protest to the board on November 20 last, the New York Cocoa Exchange flatly accused it of manipulating the advance in prices by withholding offers. "We suggest," they added, "that our long-expressed fears that the American cocoa industry would be subjected to a monopolistic squeeze are now being realized. We protest against your marketing policies as being contrary to the basic spirit of the Atlantic Charter, which promised free access by all nations to the raw materials of the world."

How far is this serious charge against the British government justified? My own investigations suggest that the story is not so plain a tale of villainy as the Cocoa Exchange indicates.

The West African Produce Marketing Board was organized during the war when the shutting off of European markets and the lack of shipping threatened to ruin the West African cocoa growers, all of whom are native smallholders. As a result prices were stabilized at rather below the average of the three pre-war years, and the board, although forced to destroy a large tonnage of beans, which cannot be stored for long under tropical conditions, made a modest profit.

British colonial administrators decided that this wartime expedient made possible marketing methods which contrasted rather happily with those in vogue before the war. Then cocoa was sold by the cultivators through brokers to twenty-eight large European merchant firms, which alternated between cutthroat competition and organized collusive buying. Prices were apt to fluctuate violently, and the unsophisticated growers were often cheated and forced into debt. The marketing system, according to the *Economist*, was one "riddled with abuses." It is such considerations that have influenced the British government in its decision to leave marketing in the hands of government boards until native cooperatives are sufficiently developed to take over the job. Any profits that are made will be spent for agricultural research and education or similar purposes.

This plan, it should be noted, gives no kind of preference to British cocoa merchants or candy manufacturers; in fact, the "trade" in London has protested just as vehemently as that in New York. Its sole objective is the protection of many thousands of native farmers, who in the absence of such a scheme could not enjoy any equality of bargaining power with the handful of buyers through whom their produce would pass to the world market. The conception of colonial trusteeship, it is claimed, makes the safeguarding of their interests an imperative duty.

Granted the force of this argument, it remains true that a colonial power is obligated to allow other nations equal access to the raw materials produced in its territory. Does the West African cocoa scheme constitute a violation of this pledge? I do not think so, as long as all buyers, irrespective of nationality, are treated alike, but final judgment can only be made on the basis of the actual behavior of the West African Board. It should be noted, however, that as long as price ceilings were maintained here the board cooperated with the OPA. When controls were dropped, it waited to see how demand would develop before offering new contracts and asking for competitive bids. If American consumers were going to pay more for cocoa, the board wanted to make certain that part of the profit would accrue to West Africa.

In fact, once ceilings were abandoned, there was nothing to stop a rise in the price of cocoa in this country since demand was greatly in excess of the allocation of half the world production made to the United States by the International Emergency Food Council. This gives America the same share as it secured before the war but a smaller absolute amount since, mainly owing to the ravages of a plant disease, cocoa output has fallen sharply in the past few years. Until this condition is remedied, or until depression reduces the demand for candy, cocoa will remain comparatively expensive no matter how it is marketed.

The real test of the West African Board will come when a more normal relation between supply and demand is reestablished. Should it then try to hold the price level by artificial means—for instance, by borrowing the parity concept from the United States Congress—protests from American consumers may be in order. However, it is not unreasonable to suppose that British colonial administrators have learned something from the fate of the famous "Stevenson plan," designed to jack up rubber prices and hold them at a level satisfying to the planters. That scheme ended in fiasco because it so stimulated production that its organizers were drowned in a flood of rubber. The West African Board, anxious not to invite a similar inundation, will aim, it appears, at ironing out seasonal fluctuations rather than at exacting a monopoly price. Meanwhile, it is encouraging to know that it is devoting part of its profits to defeating the "shooting sprout" disease, which consumers of chocolate malteds must regard as their chief enemy.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

This Is It

THE COMING CRISIS. By Fritz Sternberg. The John Day Company. $3.50.

THIS review is written as the research program of the Committee for Economic Development for the coming two years is announced. The program, characteristic of the vast industry of current American research, trudges into the future biting off and masticating endlessly small separate bits of "objective reality"—"Business inventories and their effect on business," "Incentives for investment," "Special problems of small business," and so on. Is it a lack of insight or courage that makes American research fail to see or unwilling to work in terms of the magnitude and the over-all political character of the choices we Americans are making, so to speak, in our sleep?

Fritz Sternberg's book is so different from the thinking of American social researchers that either he or they are colossally wrong at a time when such wrongness involves the central function of intelligence. Reading this book, I get the sense that, in contrast to this kind of thinking, American research operates with the most crucial function of the human cortex inactive, namely, the function that perceives isolated phenomena together as wholes, in terms of over-all direction of thrust and meaning.

Four major ingredients of Mr. Sternberg's thinking as an economist are largely lacking in our American approach: (1) He thinks historically, alert to the sequences of fundamental social change. (2) As a displaced European he can examine a hypothesis that tends not even to occur to the American mind, namely, that this is a revolutionary era in which immensely important things are at stake in the unrolling gray ribbon of events. (3) He approaches our economy not as an array of processes but as a total system and a capitalist system, with the characteristics that go with such a system—a class-stratified social base, the resolution of differences by power struggles, a dynamic need to expand which makes certain predictable things likely to happen and as surely prevents other identifiable things from happening. (4) He has a theory of the complexity of causation which prevents lapsing into the liberal's linear view of progress through a chain of discreet, well-intentioned steps.

Here are the conclusions Mr. Sternberg reaches by this kind of thinking: Down to the First World War capitalism's economic depressions were self-healing, for the expansion of markets more than compensated for the tendency within capitalism to increase unemployment. But by 1913 this ceased to be the case; and when the 1929 collapse came it was so serious as to be different in kind from all its predecessors, and it still had not been overcome a decade later when World War II began. The new stage of capitalism that 1929 signalized is characterized by chronic mass unemployment and the overt alliance of economics and politics.

The United States emerges from World War II with productive capacity heavily augmented and "the factors making for economic crisis tremendously intensified." Not only is there no chance that we can increase our foreign trade enough to absorb even 10 per cent of this new productive capacity, but each effort to do so will aggravate the crisis difficulties of the rest of the capitalist world. Nor can the gap be closed by increasing domestic consumption, for in our monopoly-capitalist social system, in which power is in the hands of the big corporations, there simply is no likelihood that real wages will be allowed to rise by the necessary 30 to 40 per cent.

Current proposals for the state as investor to fill the gap needed for full use of man-power and resources fail to recognize that such a permanent peace-time program acknowledges that "capitalism in its contemporary form has failed to justify its existence at its most critical point." The sponsors of such state activity evade the central problem of the relation of state investment to private capitalist investment; but it would unavoidably affect profit-making. And here again one faces the raw fact of class power, for "no government mainly influenced by capitalist circles could possibly accept" a policy operating to abolish unemployment as a class-control weapon and to increase substantially the working-class share of the total social product.

So a crisis at least as severe as 1929 is coming in the United States, and for reasons cited by Mr. Sternberg it will develop without effective state interference. But the state will be intimately involved in the deepening crisis. "In the United States, as in all other countries, we are now faced with a decisive transformation of the functions of the state." It will lose its "façade of independence as between, or above, the classes, [and] the more the state intervenes in economic affairs, is compelled to intervene as a result of intensifying social antagonisms, the more big business will have to fight to obtain direct influence on the state. Thus in the coming epoch . . . the class struggle will be fought primarily to secure direct influence on the state, [and this] will become the decisive political and economic battlefield in the U. S. A."

"Whether there will be a Third World War or not will depend to a very large extent, to a decisive extent perhaps, on the policy pursued by the United States economically, militarily, and in foreign relations in the period in which the coming crisis will take place." Conditions in the United States in the crisis will be more favorable to the growth of American fascism, though increased popular sophistication may operate somewhat to curb this tendency. But "the strength of the monopolist-capitalist forces and their satellites in the United States is so very great that it will represent a considerable success for the left-wing progressive forces if they can play a role at all beside the reactionary forces in the crisis." As the crisis comes, big business will very probably plunge the country into a war-preparation-economy (*Wehrwirtschaft*) as a depression counter-measure, as this is the only anti-crisis device that can be developed "without greatly limiting the functions of the employing classes."

This is Mr. Sternberg's appraisal of how things are. He may be right or he may be wrong. I believe he is right. The

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need is for organized labor and middle-class progressives to stop indulging in factional fights and to get to work on the real issues; and for American research to come out from behind its fig leaf of "objectivity" and test step by step the bases for Mr. Sternberg's conclusions, rather than dismiss them as "speculation." ROBERT S. LYND

Ten Great Poems

THE NOBLE VOICE: A STUDY OF TEN GREAT POEMS. By Mark Van Doren. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

"THE NOBLE VOICE" is a collection of ten academic lectures, and certain of the book's faults may be at least partly excused by this fact. Mr. Van Doren has, for instance, a tendency to fall into a highfalutin poetical vein: "Motes of the vernacular are always dancing in its ["Troilus and Criseyde's"] beams, as proverbs get up and stretch in the dry light of noon." Doubtless this sounded better than it reads. What is perhaps more disturbing is the way Mr. Van Doren commits himself to an unhappily exaggerated justification of the necessary translations. Too much has certainly often been made of the fact that Homer wrote in Greek, but it is, none the less, something more than "an interesting fact" that he did so, just as Spenser's language is something more than "antique orthography which keeps so many readers away from 'The Faerie Queene.'" And what Professor Krapp's Modern English does to Chaucer's Middle English, which is not after all unreadable, is really gruesome. "What I shal after doon, I can not saye;/But trewely, as yet me list not pleye," says Chaucer's Criseyde to Diomede; and Professor Krapp's: "Though how my heart may change, I cannot tell;/The future may, of course, my grief dispel."

Mr. Van Doren has, to be sure, his theoretical as well as his practical reasons for using translations. "Their merit as subject matter," he says of his ten poems, ". . . is that they offer a perspective through poetry," and adds of his favorite, Homer: "Nothing prevented him from believing and loving the deeds and men that he saw, exactly as he saw them." For Mr. Van Doren, that is, the permanent, common values are the heart of poetry, and the great poet always finds them in the everyday world. That is why what he calls "style" or even the poet's native language is only a "superfluous barrier . . . between the reader and the work." There are certainly great poets of this kind, though not all great poets are of it, and perhaps no single great poet is exclusively of it.

In any event, there are only two ways to get at such values in a poem; either you understand it in all its local particularity and, by a final critical act, discover at the heart of this understanding the poem's universal qualities; or you trust your intuitive notion of what the great poem must be and measure each poem against it. Mr. Van Doren's method is the second, and, apart from the necessary assumption of superiority to his poet which this method forces on him, it shows, in his hands, another weakness. However true it may be that all great poems are trying to deal with a very few "permanent truths," it is apparently a fact that no such truth exists for anyone as such; it exists at all only in a particular local habitation and with its own name. As a consequence a poet must deal with it in the form in which it exists in his time, and the failure of a critic to consider this may make everything he says irrelevant. Mr. Van Doren passes all these considerations off as matters of "style," but just as the Criseyde of Professor Krapp is not the same person as Chaucer's —nor his world the same world—so the values of "Paradise Lost," conceived in a different set of particulars, become something different, something, moreover, impossible for a man in the seventeenth century to conceive at all. Mr. Van Doren is very busy correcting Milton's blunders, such as making God a theologian or trying for vastness in his poem or describing Adam and Eve in Paradise as he does ("We could," he says, giving Milton a little hint of how to improve matters, "accept them in a state . . . wherein they breathed the truth with bivalvular ease and peace"). All this is to ignore the form man's understanding took in the seventeenth century for an irrelevant account of how much better "Paradise Lost" would be had it been written in the twentieth century, with the concrete particulars and convictions which pose the question of man's fate most sharply for us, by Mr. Van Doren, with his private ideas of a paradise overflowing with bivalvular ease.

When Mr. Van Doren likes a poet, as he does Homer and Dante and Chaucer and, with qualifications, Lucretius, he is full of apologetics and of frequently admirable appreciation. When he dislikes a poet, as he does Milton and Spenser and Wordsworth and, with qualifications, Vergil and Byron, he is likely to spend most of his time displaying prejudices which are no better for being old and familiar. He is surely right that we ought to know more than most of us do about these poems—and all other great ones—even though we cannot hope to be experts on all of them. It is not easy to believe, however, that his manner will encourage a reasonable understanding of many of them.

ARTHUR MIZENER

Satire and Ring Lardner

THE PORTABLE RING LARDNER. Viking Press. $2.

THE sensitive reader is certain to be profoundly moved by this collection—if not always because of the quality of the writing, then because of its evidence of the American writer's unique dilemma. Ring Lardner began writing as a popular columnist, and until his last days he was suspicious of the judgments, even of the favorable judgments, of "highbrow" critics. He was in no sense of the word an intellectual. He lived in and wrote about a very constricted world, beyond the limits of which he seldom ventured; his characters usually come from the theater and sports, and occasionally from the small town with which Lardner never lost emotional contact.

Yet no American writer had a more certain vision of what is cheap and futile in our national life. By comparison Dreiser was gentle, Anderson a publicity agent for the village, and Lewis a kindly Rotarian. But this very depth of Lardner's penetration into the internal terrors beneath the sham surfaces of our life—the terrors of self-recognition and the gripping fear of the self—was to prove a major source of the dilemma from which he was never to escape.

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His notorious misanthropy—what was it but a dead end, a desperate defense against his own uncorrupted vision, which he could not temper with faith, belief, or hope?

Lardner's characters were doomed. Perhaps he pitied them; perhaps he had some vague glimmer of understanding that they were dried up and defeated—for they were all dried up and defeated: Lardner made sure of that—by social molds they could not shape. But he gave them no leeway; each of them, in no matter how different a way, was doomed. One's first and most native reaction to his best stories is a shudder mixed of horror and despair. What a terrible act of condemnation: the movie magnate and his dipsomaniac wife of "The Love Nest," the bored old ninnies of "The Golden Honeymoon," the barber and his customers of "Haircut," the disappointed girl and her "friend," Chas. F. Lewis, Mr. Man of "Some Like Them Cold." In these stories pity is at a loss and compassion almost irrelevant; there is only the shudder of contempt for the Yahoos.

For Ring they were all Yahoos, all wretched frauds in the jungle of American deadliness, where security could be found only in boredom and boredom was the price of security. The tragedy was that Lardner himself was just a little bit of a Yahoo too, that there runs through his work a strain of egotism as uncritical and unattractive as that of his characters. He snickered together with them at what he imagined was sophistication and intellectuality, and he could not always distinguish between the pretentiously phony and the real thing; hence his unreadiness to face his dilemma as a writer shuttling between popular and serious mediums. Hence, too, his crippling self-limitations.

There seems to have been in Lardner some internal check which would not let him progress too far above the level of the sideswipe mimic, a level on which his victims might have appreciated him—as in fact many of them did. Intensely serious though he was, Lardner's attitude toward serious writing is constantly betrayed as ambiguous—which is why a much inferior writer, Sherwood Anderson, never so sharp or true as Lardner, stumbled to an instinctive grasp of the human dilemmas that Lardner seldom reached. Only in a few pieces, such as his greatest story, "Haircut," is there the density of atmosphere and delicately implied reserve of emotion which can legitimately be expected in first-rate writing.

What was this internal check: his need to be accepted by large groups of readers, his so American fear of being labeled highbrow, his sense of self-doubt and self-castigation, or a social intelligence unequal to his eyes and ears? On each level of his work there is a failure to develop, to move beyond ready competence and ready satire. Several times he made the leap from one level to another, but the very fact of these disconnected and conflicting levels is a source of the uneasy and irritating limitations of his work.

For eventually irony became a rut. The sharpest ears, the keenest eyes remained—the sharpest ears, the keenest eyes. Lardner refined his accomplishment a little more; he crucified a few more Yahoos and even bled a little himself from the stab of the nails he drove. But the always-awaited transition to tragic scope, to a full grasp of life—so tantalizing because it seems always so near in his best work—is never quite negotiated. Lardner's irony became fixed, a hardened attitude, at times even a blinder and an earstop.

Lardner, then, is a peculiar ironic instance of the central problem of American literature—the inability of its talents to reach fulfilment. Few of our writers had a greater native endowment, and few reached the peaks that Lardner did in a few pieces. Yet the gap between potentiality and accomplishment is especially glaring in Lardner precisely because of the magnitude of his talent. He was not able to face the ultimate consequences of being a writer, a dedicated creator transforming his perceptions into enduring structures of the imagination. How much we thereby lost we shall never know, but surely it must have been a great deal. IRVING HOWE

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The Dark Side of the South

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE. By Stetson Kennedy. Doubleday and Company. $3.

WITH the revived KKK and the activities of Columbians, Inc., so much in the news, Stetson Kennedy's new book could not have been published at a more opportune time. There seem to be two schools of thought among those unfairly abused individuals known as "Southern liberals"—those who recognize the ills of the South but insist on discussing them within the framework of the *mores* of the region, and those who like Mr. Kennedy prefer to let the chips fall where they may. On no question are these two groups more sharply divided than on that of whether intervention, in the broadest sense of the word, by non-Southerners in the affairs of the South is to be desired. Recently that courageous Southern liberal Hodding Carter told the

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readers of the *Saturday Evening Post,* in a familiar phrase, that "intervention is likely to do more harm than good." What distinguishes Stetson Kennedy's book from other recent books about the South by Southern liberals is that he has broken entirely with this time-honored myth. From his point of view, the "slavocracy of the South" must be uprooted, or in its fight for survival it may involve the entire nation in its machinations to preserve a scheme of racial dominance.

Both historical and contemporary experience confirms this point of view. Was it "intervention" for Northern individuals and organizations to interest themselves in the recent Bilbo hearings in New Orleans? If so, then the fruits of this interest have amply justified whatever risks were involved. While the material which Mr. Kennedy has so carefully collected is not as well organized as might have been desired, this shortcoming is more than offset by the passion and conviction with which he marshals facts to serve a social purpose. One section of the book is of particular value—that in which Mr. Kennedy traces the history, background, and shifting personnel of the South's racist "front" organizations.

It is only in the next to final chapter that Kennedy's liberalism begins to falter. There he argues that the Southern Negro must be emancipated socially. As part of this thesis he contends that it is foolish to argue that segregation violates the Fourteenth Amendment. Actually, there is abundant reason to believe that such decisions as *Plessy* vs. *Ferguson,* upholding the constitutionality of a segregation statute, are based upon a deliberately perverse construction of the history, meaning, and purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment and that these cases will be reversed. It is to be doubted, furthermore, that the Southern Negro can be emancipated economically and politically unless a frontal attack is made at the same time on the whole structure of Jim Crow segregation. Despite this minor weakness "Southern Exposure" is must reading for all who wish to understand the revolution that impends in the South. CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Reports from Everywhere

RECONQUEST: ITS RESULTS AND RESPONSIBILITIES. By Hallett Abend. Doubleday and Company. $2.75.

SPHERES OF INFLUENCE. By Sydney Morrell. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $3.50.

THERE used to be a time when studies of spheres of influence and treatises on "reconquest" and its implications were solely for the professional political scientist. But history today is running too fast for the historians; the field is wide open for the newspaper boys. The reporter-turned-analyst is today a fast-selling item on the publishers' shelves. And one may not categorically say *Caveat emptor;* after all, most of them *were* on the spot, and they at least provide a modicum of information which contributes to our understanding of what goes on behind the heavy curtain which overhangs most of the world today.

Hallett Abend's book is a case in point. A top Far East correspondent for the New York *Times* for many years, he was one of a party of journalists on a War Department junket to Europe and the Orient during the summer of 1945. On one level his book is a froth of personal impressions, descriptions of army accomplishments—like the superb war-time job of the Army Transport Command in flying supplies and personnel over the Himalayas—and bits of commentary on the various trouble spots visited by the group. Here Abend shows a sense of humor and an easy style that make for good reading. On the other level—the interpretative one—the results are not so happy. An overlong synoptic history of Japan, although it correctly interprets that country's overweening ambition and double-dealing, is painfully dull. There is, finally, a vitriolic attack on Yalta as a secret, iniquitous pact among Stalin, Churchill, and Roosevelt to sell out the Atlantic Charter, the Four Freedoms, and so on. According to the author, our Chinese ally and the millions in Burma, Malaya, the Dutch East Indies, and Indo-China, not to say countless Europeans, have been betrayed as part of a bribe to Stalin to enter the war against Japan and to join the United Nations. Except for the chapter on Yalta and a plea for a hard peace with Japan and Germany there is little in the book to justify its rather pretentious title. "My Sixty Days in a C-54" might have been more appropriate.

Mr. Morrell's book examines the psychological aspects of power politics in four European countries—Iran, Italy, Yugoslavia, and Greece. The author is interested primarily in attitudes rather than events—the attitudes of the peoples of these four countries as they emerge from the war, in interplay with the attitudes of the Big Three. He traces virtually the same pattern for each country. Russia is on the offensive, with a coordinated plan. This leads it secretly to encourage the terroristic cliques which infiltrate into all phases of national life, by fair means or foul, but always under color of the democratic ideal; once they gain power, as in Yugoslavia, "democracy" becomes but a façade for totalitarian rule. England plays a defensive game in which it gives material and psychological support to all elements that oppose the dynamic Russian sweep. As for the United States, as usual we are vacillating and unsure of our policy; consequently we shift, hedge, and generally confound the other two with our confusions.

This book is a violent attack on the motives and conduct of the Soviet Union. Despite the obvious animus of the author, the charges which he makes are very serious. We have too little information about Iran and Yugoslavia to check their validity, and Italy was until recently under a severe military censorship. Greece, however, has had the benefit of long visits by observers with a reputation for competence and political maturity, among them Leland Stowe, Frank Gervasi, and the Mowrers. If what Mr. Morrell says is true about the E. L. A. S. and the E. L. A. M. being no better than a gang of Communist cutthroats, if the left-wing movement in Greece places "importance on advertising slogans rather than upon ideals," if Soviet interest in Greece stems only from a desire for imperialist expansion, then one can credit similar charges about the other three countries discussed. But the reports by others do not square with the author's appraisal of the Greek situation. This reviewer's vote on the merits of Mr. Morrell's interpretations is an unequivocal "Nay." HARVEY BRESLER

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Films

JAMES AGEE

NON-POLITICAL" or essentially "humanistic" movie artists have made many unbeatable comedies and quite a few good dramas; but with exceptions so rare I can scarcely think of them, the only movies whose temper could possibly be described as heroic, or tragic, or both, have been made by leftists. This fact agrees neither with my wishes nor with my deepest convictions as to the source of great tragic art, nor am I persuaded of any merely "historical" explanation of it; but I do think it needs to be remembered, and questioned at length, as I cannot question it here, by those who like myself trust only the individualist in art, and who tend automatically to dismiss all political and propagandist art.

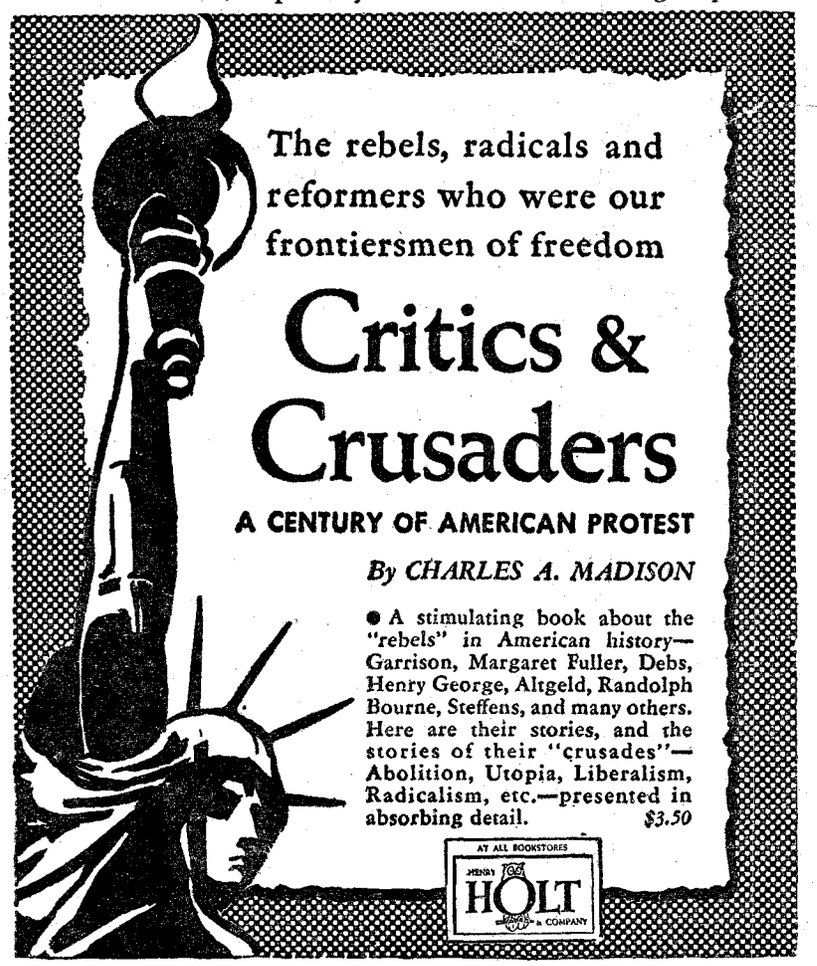
The latest example of what I mean by a great leftist film, and one of the finest, is André Malraux's "Man's Hope," which was made during the last days of the Spanish civil war and is only now released in this country. It is clear that this film is not going to lack for an audience, if probably a small one; but I suspect that its appeal will be chiefly political, and that even those among this political audience who are particularly interested in films will overlook, or undervalue, some of its most important qualities as a film.

I will accordingly by-pass a good deal that is the heart and soul of the movie —that it is, including and far beyond its political intensity, one of the few wonderful film records of men in courage and sorrow—as so clear and so compelling that it needs no detailed comment. I prefer to use this space to defend things about the film that I have heard talked of as weaknesses and imperfections.

I will not worry about, or argue with, those who may regret the use of amateurs as actors. So far as I am concerned, the film merely emphasizes, even more sharply than most of its kind, the superiority of amateurs over professionals for a large and crucially hopeful part of achievement and possibility in films. The people in this film—Spaniards and members of the International Brigade—do and *are* things, over and over again, which are beyond acting and utterly different from it; and the one considerable piece of acting that is required—a peasant's face as, in avalanching despair, he tries to locate a Fascist flying field from the unfamiliar perspective of a Loyalist bomber—is as inspired a blending of reality with imagination as I remember to have seen. Of course it adds immeasurably to the force, poignancy, and realness of these players that they were not merely amateurs but also fighters, in the last ditch of a lost war, whose "reenactments" here were hardly that, pinched as they were into spare moments between actual work and actual war.

The early scenes, of staff conferences and small interlocking missions, are fitful, nervous, ragged in pace and series and apparent aim; compared with more traditional films they seem repetitive and undramatic. But they seem to me an original and important achievement. Barring a few literary touches they go dead against every one of the graces of art, including the good ones; and instead of those graces they achieve scrawny kinds of pace, immediacy, and personal detail which I have never before seen art attain. In their over-all shape and linkage, moreover, even in their near-repetitiveness, these scenes communicate with sharp success the lost, near-blind, yet intensely alive and responsible experience of men as individuals and, at the same time, the desperate interdependence of their efforts. They are also filled, in fantastic paradox to all that is hostile to liberty in left-wing politics, with that strange nascent-oxygen vitality, the very quintessence of liberty, which so far as I can make out is an ambience peculiar to dedicated revolutionists.

It is in these scenes, moreover, that Malraux does his most interesting things with "excess of energy" and with his sound-track. By excess of energy I mean his interest—which he may have learned from Eisenstein—in letting things and movements into his frame which have nothing to do with the central action or which enhance it only queerly and surprisingly—a guerrilla's sudden skipping change in step and his sudden hand to his sweating neck; or a dog wandering in from one corner of a street scene while a ball maunders in from another—little things which brilliantly lock men and their efforts and feelings into the exact real place and time of day. Some of these devices remain "studies"—the work merely of a highly gifted beginner in films—in a not wholly satisfying way; but generically I believe in them and in the few people who use them rather than trying their best to keep their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films tidily to one nicely shaped and euphonious event at a time. Malraux's sound-track is more successful: blendings and counterpointings, along an echoing street, of the bawling of cattle and a rooster's shout, against the metal, vindictive language of modern war's stupendous guitar.

A little later Malraux dares, as few others would, so to extend a night drive through deep country in search of the automobiles needed to headlight the bombers' night take-off that for once the hypnosis, exhaustion, sadness, and beauty of such a task, and the passage of hours, are utterly communicated, not just comfortably suggested. I may as well mention here as anywhere else the remarkable thoughtfulness and beauty of *form* in this picture: the jagged, scratchy, miscellaneous scenes of exposition, almost an orchestra's tuning-up, first swept up and bound into a sheaf by the poring motion of this night drive—catapulting the film into the air and its wildest action—which in turn drains down a mountainside in one of the most ambitious codas ever designed in a film. It is a commonplace that movie and musical form are closely related, but films which show any creative reverence for the relationship are not so common.

Malraux's climax—the Loyalists' attempt to bomb a flying field and a bridge against impossible odds, and their dependence on the eyes of a peasant who has never been off the ground before—is more clearly within movie dramatic tradition. I need say of it only that it is so powerful in emotion and meaning, and so beautifully done, that as pure accomplishment it excels every other excellence in the film, and stands with the few great classical passages which have been achieved, in films, through the perfect identification of melodramatic suspense with meanings which are normally far above the proper use of melodrama.

Once the Loyalist fliers have crashed, Malraux begins his closing movement: the slow and painful bringing down of the dead and wounded from mountaintop to valley, assisted and attended by more and more peasants. I am not sure that this sequence is wholly successful; I am sure only that I was so deeply moved by all I saw, and by Malraux's confidence in the grandeur of the interlocked fact and symbol, and by his determination to build this wonderful symbol through a virtually endless series of near-repetitions into a colossal dirge for heroes, that for me it towered above most successes, and most attempts, that I have ever seen in films. A man of poetic genius, say an Eisenstein, would, I am sure, have adorned his central meaning with many and brilliant smaller symbolic perceptions; and this, I suppose, would have been even better. But I revere the way Malraux has done it as much for its nakedness as for its nobility.

Last week, speaking of "Henry V," I said that I prefer to see great poetry attempted on the screen from scratch. "Man's Hope" is a glorious example of what I mean. The heartsick peasant in the disastrous plane is great movie poetry. The descent of the broken heroes from the desperate stone crown of Spain, as from a Cross, to the maternal valley, a movement so conceived that a whole people and a whole terrain become one sorrowing and triumphal Pietà for twentieth-century man, falls possibly short of its full imaginable magnificence, considered syllable by syllable; but in its mass it is poetry even greater. Homer might know it, I think, for the one work of our time which was wholly sympathetic to him.

Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

JEAN DUBUFFET, the new French painter so much discussed in Paris—a small sample of whose art provoked this writer to two successive pieces last June—is now the subject of a one-man show at Matisse's (through February 1) containing twenty-two oils. Among them are three pictures painted in 1943, six in 1944, six in 1945, and seven in 1946.

Inevitably Dubuffet will be called a "primitivist," or "primitivistic," or even, by some of the more habitually unqualified critics, a "primitive." He has, indeed, gone to sidewalk graffiti and children's art for a considerable amount of plastic inspiration; he has reduced his drawing to the rudimentary linear schematizations by which children and untutored or ungifted adults reproduce nature; and he has, in his horizontal pictures, made design a matter of sectioning off the rectangle into smaller rectangles with straight up-and-down and all-the-way-across lines—as Klee did, and as his followers and the gifted but incomplete Adolph Gottlieb (at the Kootz Gallery through February 1) and Torres-Garcia and many others still do. But this is something that comes from impressionism and Cézanne and cubism even more than from primitive and children's art. Like so much of modern art, it is a kind of geometry impelled by the need, conscious or unconscious, to remind ourselves of, and repeat, and acknowledge the physical limitations of the medium, among which is the shape, usually rectangular, of the picture space. Dubuffet is obviously, as every fleck of paint on his canvases shows, an erudite painter, and no more a primitive than Klee. Like the latter, whose influence he is one of the few Frenchmen to feel, he paints the primitive and the childlike at a remove, portraying it, so to speak, from the heights of culture, and as a state of mind, not a way of art.

In his earlier paintings, those of 1943 and 1944, Dubuffet tries to find an equivalent in color for the "primitivist" reduction to which he subjects his drawing. These pictures are in flat, thin, high, unmodulated tones. But they do not work, they falsify the artist's sensibility and experience; this elementary spectrum is not sincere; and none of the pictures of this period are truly successful. In contrast to the directness and richness obtained by Matisse and Miró when they take lessons in chromatism from barbaric or children's art, the result is impoverished, giving us to suspect frustrated talent at the most.

The tonality of Dubuffet's 1945 and 1946 pictures is a radical departure. There is a sudden scaling down to blacks, browns, grays, and dirty whites, with pinkish, lavender, or bluish overtones running in and out like glazes. The pigment is mixed with tar, asphalt, or gravel and laid on thickly, roughly, and, apparently, with plenty of varnish. The drawing remains more or less the same in principle, but now the lines are scored or scratched into the paint as if with a stick. The result is, on the whole, original and profound. The large "Vue de Paris," with its flat, cubed surface, is a major picture, not so much in its conception, which echoes Klee, Dufy, and Utrillo, as in the "artistry" of its rendering—"artistry" being the only word I can find for the subtlety and instinct with which Dubuffet maintains every part of the surface flush with the canvas and exactly inside the frame. This painting is proof, if it is still needed, of how completely Dubuffet has assimilated all that the School of Paris has had to teach since 1908.

The almost outright abstract and somewhat smaller "Grand Paysage," also

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of 1946, is a more original but less spectacular and immediately successful work than "Vue de Paris," and bears resemblance at points to a sort of thing many painters over here have been trying to do with Klee's heritage: even, over-all treatment, scratches in bark, runes, graffiti scraped into limestone. But where the Americans mean mysticism, Dubuffet means matter, material, sensation, the all too empirical and immediate world—and the refusal to be taken in by anything coming from outside it. Dubuffet's monochrome means a state of mind, not a secret insight into the absolute; his positivism accounts for the superior largeness of his art.

"Black Beauty," "Mouleuse de café," and "L'Homme à la cravatte rouge," and perhaps "Minerve," all of 1945 and monochromatic, are also strong paintings, if not equal to the above two. As it happens, none of these, including the two above, have the concentration and quiet intensity of the 1945 "Promeneuse au Parapluie," which is missing from this show, although exhibited at the same gallery last June. Three or four more pictures on the level of "Promeneuse" would suffice almost of themselves to make Dubuffet one of the major painters of the twentieth century. This, even though his art still suffers under the limitation of being too essentially personal—which is a limitation it shares with Klee's. Where Picasso, Matisse, and even Mondrian speak for a whole age, Dubuffet still speaks for but a single mood inside a single period of that age.

Jackson Pollock's fourth one-man show in so many years at Art of This Century (through February 7) is his best since his first one and signals what may be a major step in his development—which I regard as the most important so far of the younger generation of American painters. He has now largely abandoned his customary heavy black-and-whitish or gun-metal chiaroscuro for the higher scales, for alizarins, cream-whites, cerulean blues, pinks, and sharp greens. Like Dubuffet, however, whose art goes in a similar if less abstract direction, Pollock remains essentially a draftsman in black and white who must as a rule rely on these colors to maintain the consistency and power of surface of his pictures. As is the case with almost all post-cubist painting of any real originality, it is the tension inherent in the constructed, re-created flatness of the surface that produces the strength of his art.

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In desperation, Director David M. Dorin called up PM Reporter Gene DePoris and put his cards on the table. He said the Sydenham would be finished unless the hospital could get some money—but quickly.

DePoris discussed Sydenham's plight with PM Editor John P. Lewis, who decided to open up with both barrels to get the hospital over the hump.....

EDITOR & PUBLISHER
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Pollock, again like Dubuffet, tends to handle his canvas with an over-all evenness; but at this moment he seems capable of more variety than the French artist, and able to work with riskier elements—silhouettes and invented ornamental motifs—which he integrates in the plane surface with astounding force. Dubuffet's sophistication enables him to "package" his canvases more skilfully and pleasingly and achieve greater instantaneous unity, but Pollock, I feel, has more to say in the end and is, fundamentally, and almost because he lacks equal charm, the more original.

Pollock has gone beyond the stage where he needs to make his poetry explicit in ideographs. What he invents instead has perhaps, in its very abstractness and absence of assignable definition, a more reverberating meaning. He is American and rougher and more brutal, but he is also completer. In any case he is certainly less conservative, less of an easel-painter in the traditional sense than Dubuffet, whose most important historical achievement may be in the end to have preserved the easel picture for the post-Picasso generation of painters. Pollock points a way beyond the easel, beyond the mobile, framed picture, to the mural, perhaps—or perhaps not. I cannot tell.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

ONE of the great events of the year is Victor's release of the recording (Set 1080; $4.85) of Mozart's Symphony K. 551 (known as the "Jupiter") made by Toscanini with the N. B. C. Symphony. The performance gives us the work with all its majesty and radiance, and with the unusual feature of the second movement played *Andante cantabile* instead of the usual *Adagio lamentoso*. And it is reproduced with clarity, spaciousness, and brilliance. But my review copy has a generous share of this month's amazingly blemished records, including two sides with especially noisy surfaces that make the second movement, with its muted violins, difficult to hear.

For those who hear not by names but with their own ears the early little Mozart Symphony K. 184 that Koussevitzky has recorded with the Boston Symphony (11-9363; $1) is largely the conventional flourishes and bustle of the two inconsequential fast movements, with an interlude of Mozartian cantilena liness. It is a work that requires no more than Koussevitzky brings to the performance of Mozart; the orchestra plays well; and the recorded sound is rich, but a little coarse from the excessive reverberation.

I have been at a loss to understand the to-do about Monteux in recent years —and I am not referring to the extravagances of Virgil Thomson, most of whose judgments of French conductors, quartets, violinists, and pianists are among those which seem to be concerned with experiences in some private world of fantasy unrelated to the realities the rest of us hear. I am referring to the general line, which has been that recognition has come belatedly to one of the giants, and which I say is nonsense. I am fully aware of Monteux's competence as conductor and musician, but also of its limitations. At a concert a couple of seasons ago I heard the Philadelphia Orchestra play very beautifully, but only as it would in any case, not with any special qualities of sound and style that could be attributed to Monteux; and the details of tempo and phrasing that could be attributed to him in the performance of Mozart's "Haffner" Symphony made it a very unsatisfactory performance indeed.

On records the San Francisco Symphony is clearly a well-disciplined and fine-sounding orchestra, with which Monteux gives some good performances of French works. But if one could not be certain that the occasional faulty balances in Debussy's "Rondes de printemps" were his doing rather than the recording engineer's, there can be no doubt of his responsibility for what happens in the newly issued performance of Brahms's Second Symphony (Set 1065; $4.85). At several points, as the performance proceeded, I thought I heard something sound strangely different from the way I remembered; but it was not until the third or fourth time, and when the difference struck me with special force, that I stopped the record and began to investigate. The passage was a phrase near the end of the beautiful *Tranquillo* episode in the development section of the finale, beginning in the sixth measure before the return of the opening theme of the movement: over string tremolos the flute, clarinet, trombone, and bass tuba in unison play D, A, B flat, F; but as far as I could tell—by repeatedly playing the record at that point and checking with the score at the piano—the trombone in the recorded performance went from B flat up to C while the other that is characteristic in its poignant love-instruments went down to F. More than once I have seen Toscanini stop an orchestra in the midst of a terrific uproar (for example in Shostakovitch's Seventh) and ask a contrabassoon or some such instrument to play what he had just played, and then point out that the G flat should be G natural; and Stokowski, from what I have heard, is capable of the same thing. But here, on the other hand, is a false note that leaps out at one from a slow, quiet, lightly scored, open-textured phrase; and Monteux seems not to have heard it when it happened and when he played the test record.

In his performance of the work Monteux reveals a lack of the necessary sense for the proper relation of tempos. Thus his pace for the cello theme in the first movement is disproportionately slow for the pace of the movement up to that point. And in the third movement, in which Brahms carefully establishes related tempos for the sections to achieve continuity of the basic pulse throughout, Monteux's mishandling of these tempos destroys the continuity of pulse and make the *Allegretto grazioso* slower the second time than the first. (Brahms directs that the time-value of the quarter-note in the three-quarter measure of the *Allegretto* be maintained as the time-value of the entire two-quarter measure of the *Presto*, so that groups of three such *Presto* measures, at its conclusion, lead back into *Allegretto* three-quarter measures that are in exactly the same tempo as the first time. But Monteux makes the *Presto* measures slower than the quarters of the *Allegretto*, so that the groups of three *Presto* measures lead back into *Allegretto* three-quarter measures that are also slower.) There are also incorrect relations of dynamics—e. g., the excessive loudness of the brass just before the cello theme in the first movement—and occasional faulty balances, all of which may be produced by the recording. The sound

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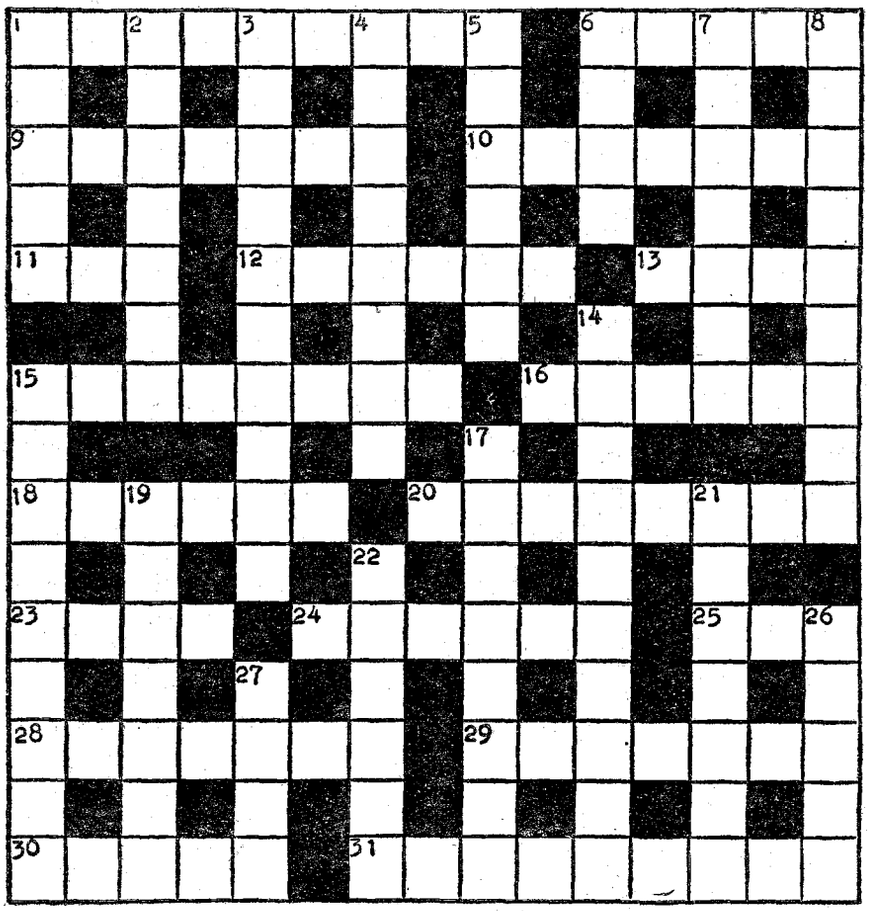
Crossword Puzzle No. 197

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Makes admissions to the man in the street (5 and 4)
6 Bare the head
9 Wide, but not wide-eyed
10 Educe (4 and 3)
11 This punch might make you feel groggy
12 The gold-digger's profession
13 Make a hit, but cause no sensation
15 Boniface (4 and 4)
16 The amount a volt can send through an ohm
18 Floating in water gives Nat a tan
20 Bifurcated feminine apparel
23 The one who succeeds
24 Humpty-Dumpty's last seat
25 ". . . like the countryman who looked for his --- while he was mounted on his back"
28 As a result of a counter-attack
29 A letter
30 This kingdom in turn averted famine in the East
31 Is it not observable with the naked eye?

DOWN

1 You are in for it
2 "Alas, the love -- -----! it is known To be a lovely and a fearful thing" (2 and 5)
3 Celebrating a victory over an insect
4 He must always have a manual before him when he plays
5 Means of correction frequently put to the proof (3 and 3)
6 The two-toed sloth, you know
7 Humorous ejaculation which seems to offer the choice of two letters or three
8 Father needs heaps of help at golf
14 A person who suffers from this might well work for a reduced figure
15 The rising sun cast its shadow early over this
17 What would a lackey be about to get this? Brawling, perhaps (5 and)3
19 Isolde instructed her handmaid to prepare a poisonous draught for him
21 Springy result of mixing ice and salt
22 They make firm representations
26 Petrified steel
27 Pass over lightly

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 196

ACROSS:—1 SOBSTUFF; 5 CHAIRS; 10 A LA MODE; 11 ALGERIA; 12 TASTE; 13 COLLEAGUE; 14 RECUT; 16 SNOWBALL; 19 MADRIGAL; 22 RURAL; 24 OBLIVIOUS; 26 ILIUM; 28 ESTATES; 29 CHARIOT; 30 SENILE; 31 BREECHES.

DOWN:—1 STAR TURN; 2 BEARS; 3 TWO-SEATER; 4 FLEECES; 6 HAGUE; 7 IRREGULAR; 8 SPARES; 9 HALLOO; 15 CHARLATAN; 17 BARRICADE; 18 CLEMATIS; 20 GROUSE; 21 LAST CAR; 23 POKERS; 25 VITAL; 27 IRISH.

of the performance on the records is fine, but with some automatic leveling off and limiting of volume and brilliance at climaxes.

Beecham goes through the first movement of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony (Set 1081; $4.85) as though he were not conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra but driving a bulldozer; and the effect is not improved by recording which makes the sound heavy and muffled with an enormous amount of bass and almost no treble. He relaxes for the other movements and plays them very beautifully; but their recorded sound is only slightly better balanced. More nearly—but not entirely—normal in balance is the recorded sound of his performances of the Waltz and Polonaise from Tchaikovsky's "Eugen Onegin" (11-9421; $1).

Two singles offer some Stokowski performances with the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra. On one (11-9418; $1) is "Forest Murmurs" from Wagner's "Siegfried," with the usual exaggerated retardations of pace and expansions of the sonorities that are well reproduced. On the other (11-9419; $1) are the popular Haydn Serenade from the Quartet Opus 3 No. 5, which Stokowski renames Eighteenth Century Dance after transcribing it to provide antiphona effects for solo woodwinds; and what he calls a Trumpet Prelude by Purcell, in which he has the trumpet phrases repeated by the violins—these performances also being excellently reproduced.

Drama Note

PROGRAMS still assume that spectators are more interested in the life history of the actress who carries a tray than they are in any information about the author of the play. I am, therefore, only guessing that "Little A" (Henry Miller Theater) is the maiden effort of Wallis Clark. Half melodrama and half character study, it exhibits some real talent without completely succeeding, or avoiding entirely some disturbing echoes. There is a hint of Strindberg's "The Father" and there is more than a hint of "Craig's Wife" in the story of a man who finally turns against a domineering wife. Alternately too static and too violent, it jerks itself along toward a sensational finish that is neither uninteresting nor quite satisfactory. Otto Kruger is excellent in a part which seems more satisfactorily written than that assigned to Jessie Royce Landis. J. W. K.

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